LORD AMHERST.

AN AMHERST BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF STORIES, POEMS, SONGS, SKETCHES AND HISTORICAL ARTICLES BY ALUMNI AND UNDERGRADUATES OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

EDITED BY
HERBERT E. RILEY,
CLASS OF '96.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
THE REPUBLIC PRESS,
MDCCCXCVI.

TO
AMHERST
—OLD AND NEW—
THIS WORK OF HER LOYAL SONS
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

And eastward still, upon the last green step
From which the Angel of the Morning Light
Leaps to the meadow-lands, fair Amherst sat,
Capped by her many-windowed colleges.

J. G. HOLLAND.

INTRODUCTION.

As long as Thomas Hughes lived, Rugby and Oxford could count on the presence and appreciative sympathy of an "old boy" at all those games and great occasions so dear to the undergraduate heart. He was a link between their youthful world and the larger sphere that was before them; for while his distinction and greatness among men lived in common report, the sight of his familiar grey head and the glance at his still flashing eye were visible proof that he had never outgrown the associations of his first and freshest interest.

It is in the confidence that Rugby and Oxford are not exceptional in this regard, that the editor of the present volume has undertaken to give to the alumni and undergraduate public these unpretending memorials of Amherst. There must be a goodly number in that broad world of profession and business to whom the scenes and associations, the pursuits and pleasures, of their mind's early home are not mere outworn boyishness or "matter for a flying smile," but a seed-plot of pleasant memories, a genial conservator of youth and strength even in oncoming age.

And the volume contains the earnest of this in a proof more tangible than a mere trust. Alumni and undergraduates have generously placed at his disposal graceful sketches, poems, and music, with which he has been enabled to enrich his book by names not only cherished by the college, but already well known in the world's affairs.

None of the writers here represented would want these sketches to be regarded as specimens of what they can do. They are simply the means taken for members of the great Amherst family, part still residing in these venerable walls, part growing young in the memory and influence of *Alma Mater*, to chat together on some of the things that form a common stock of interest, to bring up the place in picture, to raise now and then a song. If "An Amherst Book" may prove in some degree a means of fostering unity and cordiality of spirit between the older and the younger sons of Amherst its object will be fulfilled.

JOHN F. GENUNG.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The kind introduction given this little volume by one who, though not an alumnus, is eminently worthy of adoption by our *Alma Mater*, leaves to the editor but a brief prefatory word. To all the loyal sons and friends of Amherst who have contributed to or assisted in the preparation of the book the editor extends his sincere thanks; especially to Professor John F. Genung and Professor H. Humphrey Neill, whose literary taste and critical judgment have been an invaluable aid; and to Mr. William S. Rossiter, '84, for his kindly interest and advice in the typographical preparation. Prof. Tyler's History of the College and President Hitchcock's "Reminiscences" are gratefully acknowledged as sources of information and illustration in the compilation of the historical articles. While not intended for the purpose, "An Amherst Book" may fitly serve as a souvenir of Amherst's seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, which will be quietly celebrated during Commencement week. The volume is submitted to Amherst men with the hope that they will find in the perusal of its pages as much pleasure as its preparation has afforded the editor.

HERBERT E. RILEY.

AMHERST, MASS.,
May, 1896.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

CONTENTS.

AN AMHERST BOOK.

HAIL, ALMA MATER.

Hail, Alma Mater, old Amherst the true,
  Queen on thy living throne;
Thine be the homage to wise empire due,
  Thine be our hearts alone,
  Great in the past
  Standest thou fast,
Thou art worthy; reign, be strong unto the last—
    Hail!
Hail, Alma Mater, old Amherst the true,
  Thine be our hearts alone.

JOHN F. GENUNG.

AMHERST: TOWN AND COLLEGE.

What's in a name? Oftentimes a good bit of history. The name Amherst, applied to Town and College, was originally given in 1759 in honor of General Amherst, the hero of Louisbourg. He was the commanding officer at that famous siege in 1758, when the French stronghold on Cape Breton Island was captured by the British forces. The student voyager to those northern seas may still find in a land-locked harbor the ruins of the ancient citadel. They were once a mile and a half in extent, and enclosed an area of 120 acres. Louisbourg was considered impregnable. It was the French Gibraltar. After a two months' siege, conducted by Generals Amherst and Wolfe, with an army of 11,000 men, supported by a great fleet, the fortress was taken July 26, 1758. It was a glorious victory. The whole northern coast was now dominated by the British. Throughout the colonies, men thanked God and took courage. England went wild with joy. The flags captured at Louisbourg were carried in triumph through the streets of London, and were placed as trophies in the cathedral of St. Paul. In recognition of his distinguished services, General Amherst was made commander-in-

chief of the king's forces in America, and his name was honored throughout the English-speaking world. In 1759 he took Ticonderoga and Crown Point. The following year he captured Montreal and the French army. Thus ended the French and Indian war. Amherst had won all Canada for Great Britain

From the beginning of recorded history towns have been named after illustrious men. Amherst and Amherst College are living monuments to the hero of Louisbourg,—the final conqueror of Canada. When the inhabitants of East Hadley applied to the provincial legislature of Massachusetts for incorporation as a district, it was suggested by Thomas Pownal, the Royal Governor at Boston, that the noble name of Amherst be given to the new and enterprising community. In the Acts and Resolves of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, (Vol. IV., 173,) under the date of February 13, 1759, will be found the Act of Incorporation:

"Whereas, the inhabitants of the second precinct in the town of Hadley, in the County of Hampshire, have petitioned this court, setting forth sundry difficulties they labour under by means of their not being a district, and praying they may be so erected; be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council, and House of Representatives: Sect. 1. That the said second precinct in Hadley, according to its present known bounds, be and hereby is erected into a

separate and distinct district by the name of Amherst; and that the inhabitants thereof do the duties that are required, and enjoy all privileges that towns do, or by law ought to, enjoy in this province, that of sending a representative to the general assembly only excepted."

This is a fundamental act in the constitution and naming of the town of Amherst; but there is something even more fundamental in the origin of the name and in the planting of the town. The name itself is old English. It was first applied to a landed estate in the parish of Pembury, in the County of Kent. Early forms of the name were Hemhurste and Hemmehurst, compound words, formed by prefixing the Saxon *Hem*, meaning a border, to the Saxon *Hurst*, meaning a wood. Amherst, therefore, probably signifies the border of a forest, or Edgewood. It may possibly be derived from Hamhurst or Homewood. The Amherst family derived its name from the situation of its land. Gilbertus de Hemmehurst is on record as early as 1215. The family occupied its Amherst estate for over five centuries, but now lives at a country seat called "Montreal House," near Seven Oaks, Kent. The present owner is Earl Amherst, who signs his name simply "Amherst." His father and grandfather before him were earls, but the man in honor of whom the town of Amherst, Massachusetts, was named in 1759 was, at that time, Major General Jeffery Amherst.

The beginnings of Amherst, Massachusetts, may be traced back to the first years of the eighteenth century. The student of Amherst local history who wishes to see the earliest monuments of this town should notice three historical landmarks:

East and West Streets, those long parallel highways which, in 1703, first divided the territory called East Hadley into three long divisions, extending north and south, and connected by Main street, running east and west. This road system is the most fundamental fact in the history of Amherst. It marked off the division in which future settlers were to have their allotments of land. It laid the basis for those beautiful commons which mark the direction of East and West Streets, but which are by no means as broad to-day as when originally laid out, forty rods wide, in imitation of the West Street of Hadley. In the year 1754 the West Street of East Hadley was reduced to twenty rods in width, and the East Street to twelve rods.

Next to these highways, the oldest historical landmark is the burying-ground on the east side of what is now called Pleasant Street. The town of Hadley voted January 5, 1730, to set apart an acre of ground for a cemetery for the "East Inhabitants," who then numbered eighteen families. Among them were such familiar names as Dickinson, Chauncey, Ingram, Kellogg, Cowles, Hawley, Boltwood, Smith, and

THE COMMON.
(Formerly West Street.)

Nash. Probably some of the oldest stone monuments of the little farming community are still above ground in that God's acre, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Some of the inscriptions on those weather-beaten stones, just beyond the entrance from Pleasant Street, can no longer be deciphered. Any son of Amherst who wishes to know something of its founders and pioneers should wander through this ancient graveyard where the continuity of old family names may be easily followed from generation to generation.

College Hill is the most conspicuous and historically interesting landmark in the whole town of Amherst. The place where the College Observatory now stands was once the Moot Hill, or meeting place of the original parish, which became in 1759 the District, and afterwards, in 1775, the Town of Amherst. It was on this hill that the first parish church was erected, in compliance with the requirements of Hadley and the General Court of Massachusetts. The East Inhabitants were allowed by provincial law, in 1734, to become the "Third Precinct" of Hadley on the condition of settling a "learned orthodox minister" and erecting a meeting-house. The local records of Amherst begin in 1735. The first vote after the election of precinct officers was "to hire a Minester" and "to Build a Meating House," forty-five by thirty feet in dimensions. That little meeting-house, "set up-

on the Hill," was really a Temple of Victory for local and independent government by the East Inhabitants of Hadley. The building served for civic as well as religious purposes. The chief business of the precinct for many years centred on that Moot Hill, where such questions were settled as election of town officers, the amount of salary and firewood for the minister, the seating of families in the meeting-house " by Estates Age & Qualifications," appropriations " for scooling," for highways and bridges, for building a pound, for hiring persons " to blow ye Kunk & sweep ye Meeting House." That conch-shell is still kept by Dr. Hitchcock on College Hill, where the sound of horns or bells has called together the men of Amherst for many generations.

The founding of Amherst College is inseparably connected with that old meeting place where two parish churches were successively built. It was the religious spirit fostered there which gave rise to Amherst Academy and to those generous subscriptions of money, labor, and materials which made the building of South College possible. Colonel Elijah Dickinson, a townsman, gave the original six acres of land for the site of Amherst Collegiate Institute. For many years the " meeting-house " on the Hill was the place where morning and evening prayers, Sunday services, and public exercises were attended by college students. Among the ar-

guments of the trustees of Amherst Academy for the establishment of a central college in Amherst were the following:

(1) "*The hill in the centre of the west road in Amherst on which the Church stands*" is within about two miles of the geographical centre of the counties of Berkshire, Hampshire, Hampden, Franklin, and Worcester.

(2) The hill is equally central between the limits of the commonwealth on the north and south.

(3) It is almost equally distant from the University of Cambridge, the College in Providence, and the College in New Haven. In each case the distance is about eighty-five miles.

(4) As a College site the hill is further recommended for its elevation, salubrity, and beauty. It comprehends "thirty towns in three counties within a single view, from twenty-seven of which it is said that the church in the first parish in Amherst may be seen."

The founders of Town and College had vision, without which the people perish. College Hill, the natural acropolis of Amherst, has been a determining constitutional factor in the history of this academic village. That Moot-Hill, where the Observatory still stands, was the original seat of town and parish life. The village grew along the hillsides. The meeting-house was for the Puritan townsmen of East Hadley, or Amherst, what hill forts, citadels, castles, temples,

or churches were for the city builders of the ancient and mediaeval world. Sightliness, health, and beauty of situation characterized the towns of ancient Palestine, Greece, and Italy. "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." The little parish church of East Hadley, 45x30 feet square, was the institutional cornerstone of Amherst schools, Amherst Academy, and Amherst College.

Although new parishes rose to the east, to the north, and to the south of College Hill, and one by one seceded from the mother church; although for a time town meetings were held in the old meeting-house on East Street Common; and although the first postoffice was in that section of the town, nevertheless the College finally restored the lost balance of power to the village and determined the future development and prosperity of Amherst. It is still a hill town, overlooking beautiful valleys on every side, but it is not as other hill towns in this part of Massachusetts. Amherst is, and always will be, a college town. Its towers will be seen from afar by ambitious youth in adjoining counties. Like the acropolis of Athens, Amherst is crowned by a Parthenon.

Old Amherst still resembles the original Saxon *Hemhurst* or Edgewood. The forest still fringes the northern and eastern borders, like a primitive Germanic Mark. And yet, by the enterprise of townsmen, the village community of

Amherst is well connected with the outside world. It was an opening day for Amherst when, in 1767, the enterprising Simeon Nash began to drive his freight wagon to Boston and back, once a week, by the old Bay Path. It was a greater triumph of enterprise when the treasurer of Amherst College, Squire Dickinson, by his indomitable will power, dragged up toward College Hill and his own residence the Amherst and Belchertown Railway, built by the aid of Amherst capital. But the greatest of all openings from our hill-top to the sea was made in 1888 by the Central Massachusetts Railroad.

The near view from College Hill, across those iron ways of modern travel, is more lovely than ever; but the vision of Amherst men has widened since that Collegiate Institute was founded. New missions and new ministries are opening on every side for her alumni. Her sons are in congress and in many branches of the public service; in church, state, and university; on the press, the stage, and platform; in various arts and kinds of business. All fields of honest labor, from those of the Puritan farmers, who founded the College on this upland pasture, to those of the ministerial reformer, the busy editor, the lawyer, the doctor, the teacher, and the social worker in our great cities, are seen to be equally honorable and divine. Every man's true work in this world is inspired like that of the plowman mentioned in Isaiah (28:24-29): "For his God doth

instruct him aright, and doth teach him. . . This also cometh forth from the Lord of hosts, which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in wisdom." For the opened eyes and for the larger vision let Young Amherst be grateful to Old Amherst. Everywhere her children rise up and call her blessed *Alma Mater.*

"Give her of the fruit of her hands;
And let her works praise her in the gates."

HERBERT B. ADAMS, '72.

ON PELHAM HILLS.

On Pelham Hills some tinted ray
Now rests awhile, then fades away
In shifting blue or purple glow,
Whose changing shadows seem to show
The brilliant splendor of the day.

Not always decked in glad array,
Ofttimes a garb of sombre gray
Is Nature's pleasure to bestow
On Pelham Hills.

Kind, sympathizing friends are they,
Who feel our changing moods—now gay,
Or now in sadness bathed; and so
When joys and sorrows come or go,
We read sweet Nature's sympathy
On Pelham Hills.

LE ROY PHILLIPS, '92.

PELHAM HILLS.
(From the Chapel Tower.)

THE FIRST MILESTONE.

He was only fifteen when the young lawyer began calling on his sister. She had just passed nineteen, but the four years difference in their ages had never seemed so great as it did now. He could remember, clear back to the time when he was four, how he had looked up to that sister and considered her judgment infallible, and every year since then had but emphasized those early impressions. She was the eldest of the family, and every little grievance had been carried to her. She had been the uncrowned queen of the household since that day when she had started bravely forth to the public school, and had come back with wonderful stories of that strange world, which still seemed at such a distance from the rest of them. And her sway had not been less potent because she had always carefully concealed her sceptre and had made no show of the unlimited power which the one small hand contained. When, in a fit of passion, he had clenched his fist and struck his little sister, the deep feeling of shame that had come over him when that older sister turned scornfully from him and called him a coward, still brought the hot blushes to his temples. And when he and his brother had quarrelled, and his brother came in from the street with his head all bleeding from

the stone which his murderous hand had thrown, he had envied that brother—yes, envied him, even with the ugly gash across his white forehead, when she was kissing away the tears and sorrowfully binding up the wound.

When he had grown older it was his sister who had stirred his ambition and excited his dreams. He had studied for her sake, that she might be proud of him. He remembered how, during a certain stage in his career, he had given up his desire to be a fireman or a street-car conductor, when she told him of higher things and pointed out nobler deeds. From her lips he could believe that there were occupations even more honorable than standing on top of a burning building directing a great stream of water, while thousands of envious boys crowded the street below and cheered his bright uniform. Thus, little by little, she had shaped his character.

When she had gone away to school he had broken the one inflexible rule of his young life and had written letters to her. He remembered how he copied the first one several times, until the great improvement he had made in writing during the few days she had been away could not fail to impress her. When the weekly notes came from her he had read them with delight, and had tried to analyze their charm. They didn't seem to be in just the proper form. They were different from the ones in the *Standard Letter*

Writer, which he had studied so carefully and tried to copy. His sister always seemed to talk on paper rather than write a real letter. Then he remembered how, when it came time for vacation, he had always gone to the station to meet her. He recalled especially that vacation when he had stood by her side and found that his eyes came higher than hers, and she had looked up into them and dubbed him her young knight.

But somehow all these things seemed a little different after the young lawyer began to call. And he liked the young lawyer, too. He was the first real live college man who had ever come distinctly within his narrow horizon, and in those days, when he was dreaming of college life, he was eager to welcome and admire anyone who had come fresh from that foreign country. He used to watch the young lawyer carefully, and he tried to imitate him. He tried to get into the habit of biting his lips thoughtfully when a hard question was asked him, and he tried to look grave and knit his brow and choose his words carefully when he wanted to impress his playmates. Then the young lawyer had a way of carrying things with a rush that pleased the boy. He liked eager, impulsive, fearless men, and the young lawyer had such pronounced views, and expressed them so boldly, that from the first the boy was his staunch adherent. But much as he liked and admired the newcomer, he always looked upon him as a sort of interloper.

Finally, one winter evening, when the boy—all flushed with violent exercise—had rushed noisily into the house, he read, or thought he read, on his sister's face a different story than he had ever seen there before. She came forward to meet him with a joyous light in her eyes, her face all covered with pretty laughing blushes. Then she timidly held out to him the back of her left hand, half concealing it with the other, as though hesitating to disclose her secret; but the boy's quick eye caught the sparkle of the diamond. He never forgot that picture. Even he was old enough to see that his sister had changed from girlhood into womanhood, and the solemn thought suddenly came to him that if his sister was a woman, he was a man. The thought had never come to him with such force before. Manhood had always seemed a great, vague, indefinite field, which would not be reached for years. He had never dreaded its coming. He had always looked forward to meeting the world on equal terms and manfully offering it battle. Now, for the first time, he had caught sight of the foe. Childhood was passed. His sister had become a woman, and that single step of hers had carried him forward into a new region.

Now this boy was not what is usually known as a home boy. He was not extraordinarily imaginative. On the contrary, his friends had always called him practical and prosaic. So he

didn't do anything that might seem foolish on this occasion. He laughingly kissed the blushing face of his sister and examined the diamond ring with critical care. Then he exhausted his small vocabulary in extravagant praise of the young lawyer. But that night, before he went to sleep, his head tossed uneasily on his pillow; for the first seed of unrest had been planted in his soul, and the first burning desire for mighty deeds of emprise had seized upon his mind.

The boy grew into a young man. He went away to college, and along with many other changing views he learned that his sister was no less an aid and an inspiration to him because she was pointing out to another man the path to success. He went out into the world. He met the enemy for whom he had longed, and to his great surprise, the lance, which had seemed so well tempered, had broken into pieces against the rounded shield of his foe. He dragged his battered armor to his sister's feet, and the wealth of affection which she was then bestowing upon her children had only increased her loyalty to her first subject. The hurrying years mended his old wounds and brought new ones in their place, but through them all he carried the remembrance of that first experience. He grew to love another girl, the only girl who had ever reminded him of his sister. He read in her eyes that story, which came to him like a dream of the past, and he was happy.

He passed on into full manhood. He founded a happy home, and in the soft glow of his fireside he forgot the wild dreams of fame that had once been his. The day came when, even through his glasses and tear-dimmed eyes, he read the same story; this time on the face of his daughter; and again it came to him like a vision of the past. The story never grew old to the man. Every time he read it he loved it; but at no time did it make so deep an impression upon his character as it did at that first milestone.

DWIGHT W. MORROW, '95.

THE TRUE ALUMNUS.

Loyal to his Alma Mater,
  Prized in friendship's length'ning chain,
Let him to the reef of wisdom
  Add at least one coraled grain.

WILLIAM L. CORBIN, '96.

COLLEGE HILL IN 1821.
(From an old lithograph.)

AMHERST COLLEGE IN 1821.

A person acquainted with the Amherst of to-day will see just one familiar feature in the cut on the opposite page—the unmistakable outlines of one of the College dormitories. All the rest the finger of time, together with the more impatient hand of man, has changed beyond recognition. The church on the crest of the hill is the old First Congregational Meeting-house, which stood from 1788 until 1828 upon the spot where the Observatory is now located. The building on the left is old South College, the first edifice of the Amherst Collegiate Institution.

Just here a few words in reference to the early history of the college will be in place, for one cannot understand the story of these first college buildings without knowing something of the circumstances under which they were acquired. Throughout the opening years of the century there was a growing need of a college in the central part of Massachusetts. Everybody felt it, the churches most of all, and now and then they said so in their assemblies. Accordingly, when the trustees of Amherst Academy, encouraged by the remarkable success of that institution, determined in 1818 to start on the

larger venture of a collegiate institution, they had with them not only the goodwill, but the enthusiasm and active support of the counties of Central Massachusetts. But this did not mean unlimited wealth for the College, for the people at that time were poor, and what they were able to do in a benevolent way was claimed by the home churches. It is interesting to know that the council representing the churches of this part of the state, which met in September, 1818, to hear the plans of the trustees, came very near locating the College in Northampton. But the eloquent arguments of two loyal citizens of Amherst turned the vote, and Northampton was left for another institution of learning.

After the plans for the starting of the College had been matured, the trustees were compelled to wait nearly two years, until the question of removing Williams College—at that time suffering greatly from its isolated situation—to some central part of the state could be settled. As soon as the State Legislature decided that Williams College should remain in Williamstown, the trustees of Amherst Academy took immediate steps towards the erection of a suitable building for the new collegiate institution. They secured ten acres of land on the hill where the parish meeting-house stood, and proceeded to break the ground for a building thirty feet wide, one hundred feet long, and four stories high.

The town of Amherst will never again work

itself up to such a pitch of excitement as it reached over the erection of this first college building. The people gave all the money they could spare, and then donated material, labor, teams, and provisions for the workmen. The cornerstone was laid August 9, 1820. Dr. Noah Webster, then celebrated for his famous spelling-book, and who was one of the most energetic of the founders of Amherst College, delivered the oration. Before September 18, 1821, the day set for the inauguration of President Moore, and for the dedication of the first building, the structure was not only complete, but about half its rooms were furnished, ready for occupation by the students. The building was constructed on a simple plan, but an excellent one for its purpose. A transverse partition through the middle divides it into two "entries," between which there is no communication, except through the loft. The rooms were originally large and square, and each was intended to be used as study and bedroom for two students. Not until twenty-five years later were bedrooms partitioned off from some of the studies.

The lithograph gives a good idea, in the main, of the appearance of the college grounds at that time. It is correct in showing the old church on higher ground than the dormitory; the knoll was graded some ten years later to its present level. But the idea it gives should be modified in some of the details. The hill upon which the two

buildings stood was more of an eminence than appears in the picture, and the five trees represented are more artistic than true to fact, for the grounds were in their original rude state, and destitute of anything like trees or shrubs. In the rear of the college grounds the primeval forest began and stretched away, unbroken, to the eastward over the Pelham hills. The main highway ran along the brow of the hill, some distance in front of the buildings. About a hundred feet to the northeast of the dormitory was dug the famous College well.

During the first year and a half of its existence the whole College lived and recited in the one building, though morning and evening prayers were held in the church; and there, occupying the seats in the gallery, the students worshipped on Sunday with the townspeople.

If the rooms in the old dormitory could only speak, what stories they would have to tell! Take number thirty, for example, known later by the rhythmical name of "South College, South Entry, Fourth Story, Front Corner,"—or "Ultima Thule," for short. There the first Senior class studied and slept and recited, but was not crowded, for at that time the Senior class consisted of Messrs. Field and Snell. There the Psi Upsilon fraternity used to hold its meetings, and there was the centre of the famous squirt-gun riot. The Sophomore class of '61 had laid out in state "S. Gunn, ex-member of the class of

'60," in this room, preparatory to a formal burial in token of cessation of hostilities with the Freshmen. It happened that S. Gunn had been stolen from the Juniors, and they naturally objected to the cool appropriation of their property. Accordingly, while the Sophomores were at dinner, the Juniors marched up in a body and besieged the room. Before many minutes the Sophomores learned of the invasion and came running up the stairs. Then followed a battle royal. The Juniors demolished the garret stairs and used the pieces to pound the Sophomores' heads. They broke through the ceiling of the room, and through the double doors, but a pistol in the hands of the Soph who stood guard inside persuaded them not to enter. Just as the Sophomores were getting the upper hand the President appeared upon the field, and the settlement of the matter was completed by arbitration. That afternoon the Sophomores buried S. Gunn with elaborate ceremony.

EDWARD CLARK HOOD, '97.

A QUATRAIN.

I'd rather lose and break my heart,
Than keep it whole forever,
And live my life from you apart,
And see, and know you, never.

CLYDE FITCH, '86.

President's House Library College Hall.

Chapel And Dormitories.

A DISCOVERY.

One morning, while rummaging about among the stacks of old newspapers which abound on the lower floor of the library building, I happened upon a copy of the *Pelham Herald*, bearing date Feb. 29, 1827. As this was the issue of the day following the dedication of the old chapel —then known as the Johnson Chapel—it contained a detailed account of the dedicatory exercises, together with a description of the building. The latter I copied. It ran as follows:

"To the Amherst College student there is no elevation so grand as the summit of College Hill, and the erection of the Johnson Chapel upon this spot marks the culminating point in the history of the College. The building, with the exception of a square tower over the entrance, is an exact reproduction of the Athenian Parthenon, and those who have seen the two say that a similar tower would have also added much to the grandeur of the latter. Mounting high above the cluster of smaller buildings, it can be seen for miles around, and charms the observer with its fine architectural proportions. A tower above an entrance certainly gives prominence and impressiveness, and makes a fitting approach to a great building. The Parthenon was built in the

best period of Greek architecture, and under the inspiration of the greatest genius in art—Phidias. It is fortunate that the students will have so fine a model of his great work constantly before their eyes, and it must needs give them great inspiration in the study of Greek art. The observer of the Johnson Chapel gains a conception of the purity and exquisite grace of ancient art that can be obtained nowhere else in America. The broad steps, massive Doric pillars, surmounted by proportionate capitals, the frieze, and the severity of geometrical forms, take us back to the age of Pericles, and College Hill becomes the Athenian Acropolis. As simplicity and grandeur, boldness and originality in design made the Parthenon the pride of Athens, so the Johnson Chapel will ever be a wonder, a pride, and a glory to Amherst College."

As I was copying these last lines the recitation-bell rang in the tower which would have been such an addition to the Parthenon; and I hastened to attend class beneath its "prominence and impressiveness."

LE ROY PHILLIPS, '92.

AMHERST IN 1824.

The infant College grew rapidly, as infants will, and soon became altogether too large to be contained in the single building. Accordingly, in the fall of 1822, another dormitory was erected, and was ready for use by the opening of the winter term in 1823. It was uniform in size and plan with the other, except that the fourth floor of the south entry was reserved for public uses, the space now occupied by the two corner rooms and hall being left without partition and used as chapel and lecture-room. The two inner rooms were used, one for the College library, and the other as a cabinet for chemical apparatus.

It was in this hall in the upper part of the old dormitory that the famous goose episode occurred. Just before morning prayers some waggish student had tied a goose in the President's chair. The President stood up during the exercise that morning, but otherwise no notice was taken of the intruder. During the day, however, the more decorous of the students worked up considerable feeling over the matter and proposed to hold an indignation meeting of the College. At prayers that evening President Humphrey found it necessary to make some reference to the matter. He both relieved those students who were indignant, and got more than

COLLEGE HILL IN 1824.
(From an old lithograph.)

even with the perpetrator of the deed by saying, in a perfectly unimpassioned manner: "Gentlemen, the trustees have intended to provide competent instructors in all the departments, so as to meet the capacity of every student. But it seems that *one* student was overlooked, and I am sure they will be glad to learn that he has promptly supplied the deficiency by choosing a goose for his tutor. *Par nobile fratrum.*" The humor may seem just a little heavy at this distance, but at that time it came in perfectly pat, and the students went down the stairs laughing and shouting: "Who is brother to the goose?"

There is another feature in the lithograph of 1824 that must not be overlooked—the old bell-tower. The College had been regularly waked up and called to prayers by the bell in the steeple of the meeting-house, until some benevolent person considerately donated a bell to the College, doubtless thinking that if the College only had a bell it would straightway build a chapel to go with it. The College did the best it could at the time, and set up a rude tower at the north end of North College. There the new bell wagged its deafening iron tongue for about a year, until the students—either because of the unsightliness of the tower, or because the brazen mouth of the bell was altogether too near their bedroom windows—assembled one pleasant evening, and playfully tipped the whole thing over.

EDWARD CLARK HOOD, '97.

OLD AMHERST.

Old Amherst! thy sons, wherever they roam,
All unite in their words of thy praise;
Our pride thou hast been through the years that are gone,
Thy glories, thy honors we'll raise.
Thy sons are all true, they are loyal to thee;
All are one when thy honor's at stake.
Thou art dearer to us than our words can express;
We ever will toil for thy sake.

From the North, from the South, from the East, from the West,
The hearts of thy sons turn to thee;
We dream of thy precepts, we trust in thy strength,
Thy glory before us we see.
Our breasts throb with joy when we think of thy halls,
Our eyes dim with thoughts of the past;
And mem'ries come thronging of days that are gone,
That in fancy forever shall last.

Then here's to thy future! Thy past is secure;
Thy glories, thy triumphs are ours;
Thy honor, thy name, thy position, thy fame,
Will increase by the use of our powers.
May thy sons be a glory, an honor, a strength!
May success crown our tasks and bring cheer!
May thy teachings illumine the paths of our lives,
Alma Mater! Old Amherst, so dear!

FRANK D. BLODGETT, '93.

DECEITFUL APPEARANCES.

It was the day after the Prom., and I found myself inclined to devote an hour or so to the charms of Morpheus. Spurning the hospitality of my old friend—the window-seat—and ridding myself of certain outer garments, I retired to the inner sanctum, where I was soon sleeping a sweet sleep, with an accompaniment of dreams, in which were mingled most tunefully the strains of a waltz and visions of a decidedly pretty face.

After an indefinite period of this enjoyment I started up with the dim consciousness of voices in our study, and also the murmur of animated conversation in Ned's room adjoining. I could distinguish Dick's musical tones—remarkably subdued in this case—and I was about to hallo lazily to him for the time of day, but finally found courage enough to get up and pull aside the portierre. I pulled it back with considerable haste. Dick was snugly ensconced in the window-seat, with the curtain carelessly drawn, and ——a girl! I peeked cautiously out. No, they hadn't seen me. I manfully blessed the Hebe who had seen fit to clear up the study, and as quickly poured forth malediction on her head for putting my things away carefully in my study closet, as far beyond my reach as if they were

in the next house. And to crown all, I remembered that the key which unlocked the second exit from my bedroom was lost. A pretty state of things, truly!

Just then Dick's voice began to rise, and before I knew it his lips uttered words that I could not fail to hear and appreciate, though at the same time I was mightily shocked at their import.

"And now," he began, "now that we are alone, may I say something to you—something that I have been longing to say, but for which time and courage have hitherto been wanting. May—may I speak?"

"Yes," came the almost inaudible reply; the while I raged inwardly at being obliged to listen, and cursed Dick for having chosen such an inopportune occasion, and reviled his disregard for the proprieties.

"I scarcely know how to express my thoughts," Dick continued, his voice strained with emotion. "But you cannot have misunderstood my intentions, Miss——Agnes—I love you!" The young rascal was making a proposal for marriage.

"This is all so sudden!—I had no idea of such a thing! I never thought,"—the reply came, in tremulous tones.

"But you do now—you love me—ah, how happy we shall be!" There was a delighted little laugh. I entertained a wild thought of

enveloping myself in my bathrobe and fleeing, when the talking in Ned's room suddenly grew louder, and presently sounded in the hall. The window-seat heard it, too.

"Hush," said Dick, "they are coming! Don't breathe a word of this—they will know all about it soon enough!" The words were scarcely said before the rest crowded in, four of them—I could tell by their voices—all buzzing like a swarm of bees.

"Where have you been all the while?" asked one.

"We thought you were lost!" chimed in another.

"It was highly improper, especially for you!" added a third, reprovingly, with a glance at the window-seat. I mentally seconded this sentiment. Then followed the usual list of pleasant things said about the room, and they departed, Dick excusing himself and promising to be at the train.

They were scarcely gone when I stuck my head between the curtains.

"Dick," I said, "you're a villain!"

"Hello!" he replied, coolly. "Have you just waked up?"

"No trifling!" I said, sternly. "What do you mean by violating the Platonic sacredness of our window-seat by offering yourself in marriage?"

"What!" he exclaimed, and threw himself on the cushions. I thought he was going to have

a fit. Finally he gasped out between the convulsions: "Oh!—pity you're a Senior!—next year's *Olio*!—Oh!" At last he came to himself to explain.

"Merely the chaperon of Ned's party, my dear boy, rehearsing my part in the Senior dramatics with me, that's all," and he turned over the prompt-book. I read the love scene, line for line.

But if Dick does as well as that at Commencement—well, he ought to take to the stage.

JOHN C. DURYEA KITCHEN, '91.

TO A ROSE.

Found on the lapel of an old dress coat.

Crimson-colored, fresh and fragrant were thy leaves long years ago,
When a maiden lightly whispered that the little Jacqueminot
Held within its ruby petals all the love-warmth of her heart,
While I gently kissed her temple, saying sadly, "We must part."

* * * * * * * * * *

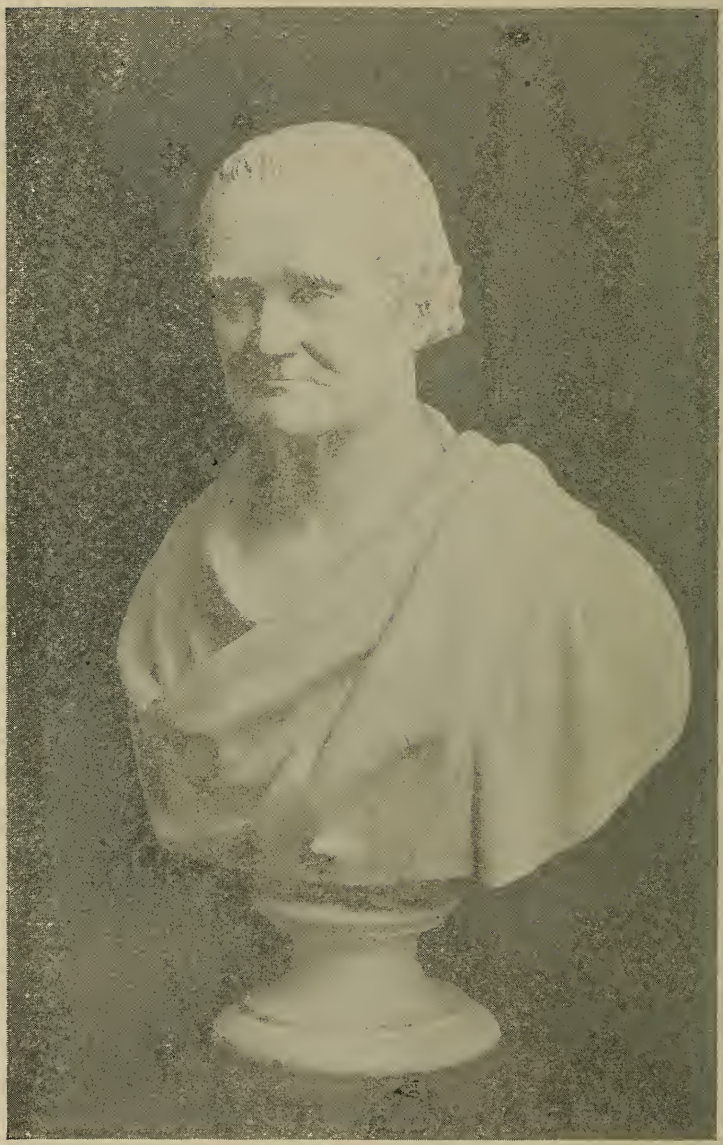
Now thy lone leaves, brown and crumpled, faintly-odored, faded lie,
Breathing softly, "List thou, lover! Love is rose-like. It must die!"

SEYMOUR RANSOM, '92.

NOAH WEBSTER AT AMHERST.

When Amherst College remodelled and enlarged her library building, like a wise mother, she had respect to the future. The book-stack was made large enough for years to come, and the two upper stories are still devoted to miscellaneous uses. The white walls, enclosing the white and empty shelves, made more staring and ghastly by the light that streams over them from the uncurtained skylight, all make a sort of sepulchre in which are entombed old portraits of the faculty, old pictures of the town and of the college buildings, and other similar lumber which just escapes being rubbish because of the memories that hang about the motley collection.

Among these objects of forgotten worth is the bust of Noah Webster, which is represented on the following page. There could hardly be anything more typical of the sad obscurity that seems to have shrouded the memory of Noah Webster's life in Amherst. Few of the students in the College know that he ever lived in the village at all. Many of the townsfolk are unaware that he was once one of Amherst's most loyal and active citizens. His personality seems to have been lost in the expanse of the Dictionary, and the changes and revisions of the book have



BUST OF NOAH WEBSTER.

blurred the fame of the first American lexicographer. Mr. Scudder's interesting "Life of Noah Webster" was published in 1883, but according to the record of the College librarian, I was the first one to call for the book, and even this call is dated April, 1896, thirteen years after the biography was printed.

Still, the book called "Webster's Dictionary" perpetuates in a general and somewhat indefinite way the fame of its first author, and Amherst is proud of the fact that this famous scholar has intimate relation to the village and to the College. He came here in 1812, nine years before the College was founded, bought a house with several acres of land about it, and settled down to complete his great book. His house stood where Kellogg's Block is now situated, and there were no houses east of that in the same neighborhood. He planted a large apple orchard immediately about his dwelling, and the land beyond remained as meadow. Some of the trees which he planted are still standing back of Mr. E. F. Cook's house, and the scythe still cuts its swath over the fields which he mowed.

He came to Amherst from New Haven, where he had spent six years in such devoted labor on the Dictionary that his purse had run low in proportion to the height of his enthusiasm. He was nominally a lawyer, but the law had been neglected. Dr. Trumbull of Hartford, speaking of this neglect, said: "I fear he will breakfast

upon Institutes, dine upon Dissertations, and go supperless to bed." He had one source of support, so far as it went. His Spelling Book, then of great reputation, and soon after of national renown, yielded him half a cent a copy, and was in so great demand as to produce a small income. He came to Amherst because he found the village to be of such primitive manners and refined society as suited his means and his tastes. As a writer says in the *Amherst Record* of September 24, 1879. "On the profits of the Spelling Book he supported the family in the orchard while he made the Dictionary and planned for the foundation of Amherst College. But before all this he had married a pretty wife, and this beautiful wife and his attractive daughters took the lead in the refined society of the town. He mowed the little hay crop of his grounds and his daughters raked the hay and afterwards married the most elegant scholars of the country." For ten years he thus lived and worked in Amherst; then leaving his family in New Haven, he went to Europe, and in Cambridge, England, wrote the last word of his book, in 1825. His life's work was done, and in a letter to Dr. Miner he says: "When I arrived at the last word I was seized with a tremor that made it difficult to proceed. I, however, summoned up strength to finish the work, and then, walking about the room, I soon recovered."

On his return home he published at his own

expense, in 1828, the first quarto edition, which was sold by subscription. In 1840-41 he published a second edition, which contained revisions and corrections. Three thousand copies were printed, and at the time of his death fifteen hundred were still unsold. After his death, in 1843, Messrs. J. S. & C. Adams, publishers and booksellers in Amherst, bought the remaining copies and the right to publish during the remainder of the unexpired copyright period. They printed no more, and soon sold all their interest to G. & C. Merriam, the predecessors of the present G. & C. Merriam Company. In more than one way, therefore, Amherst was related to the Dictionary, and in her beauty, quiet, refinement and simplicity was the fit environment for the scholar and his book.

But Noah Webster was more than a secluded resident of the town. He was unusually alive to all the interests of the village, prominent in her public life, in the care of her educational institutions, and in personal labor for the church. He was one of the trustees of the Amherst Academy, and was foremost in influence as well as in earnestness in establishing Amherst College on the foundation of the old Academy. Indeed, among all those who labored for the foundation of our *Alma Mater*, there was probably at that time no one so widely known as Noah Webster, through his philological writing and extensive lecturing. Indeed, the others were comparative-

ly unknown, so the writer already quoted is not far from right when he says: "It is probable that if that great dictionary had not been made in Amherst, the College would never have been built." With nice appropriateness, therefore, Noah Webster gave one of the two addresses at the laying of the cornerstone of the first college building.

Let us, therefore, brush the dust from off the almost forgotten bust while we proudly remember that Amherst village and Amherst College are intimately associated with the memory and renown of the first great American lexicographer.

H. HUMPHREY NEILL, '66.

UNLOCKED.

I could not speak what yet I often wished to say;
A pretty compliment I'd think, but—puff, away
It flew on wings, before I gave it breath, the while
Another's graceful words had won the longed-for smile.
Then lo, a miracle—no warning, forth there rushed
All that I e'er had thought of grace, and lips had hushed.
Devotion, adoration, nothing left to seek,
At last love opened wide my lips and let me speak.

CLYDE FITCH, '86.

CHAPEL ROW IN 1828.
(From an old pen sketch.)

THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS IN 1828.

"And now the old Chapel, built when the College was struggling for its charter, and embodying something of the idea—just behold it from its western front—meekly looking up, bravely looking out, patiently waiting for whatever may betide, there it stands between those two old domitories like Moses between Aaron and Hur, the day that he fought the Amalekites." President Stearns in his address of welcome at the fiftieth anniversary has described the old Chapel very happily, and very much as it must always appear to Amherst men. The picture fails to give it quite the right expression, for it stands guard with a good deal of dignity, as if conscious of a grave responsibility. It seems to have a dim suspicion, too, that it is all out of style, but it is rather proud of the fact than otherwise.

Like all the earlier buildings of the College, the Chapel was erected because such a building became absolutely indispensable. The hall in the fourth story of North College was hopelessly inadequate as a chapel, and the College was suffering for lack of recitation rooms. In view of the financial condition of the institution, the legacy of Adam Johnson, of Pelham, came like

a godsend; for though it covered only a part of the expense of the building, it warranted the trustees in attempting to raise enough to complete the work.

The original arrangement of rooms was very much as it is at present. On the first floor were recitation rooms for Greek and Latin, and two for mathematics. On the second floor, besides the chapel proper, were the theological and rhetorical rooms, since thrown together to form the small chapel. The room on the third floor was used for the College library, which was moved over from its former place in North College, and for the libraries of the Alexandrian and Athenian Societies.

In the early days morning prayers were held at daybreak. To the tune of the relentless Chapel bell the poor fellows used to turn out in the cold, gray dawn of a winter's morning—how reluctantly, we who hate to get up at eight o'clock can well imagine—and rush up those Chapel stairs "half dressed and less than half awake," just as the three sharp clangs announced that the last minute of grace had expired. After chapel they would lag, still breakfastless, to the first recitation, with an appetite, we surmise, for something besides learning.

It must have been this mode of life that made the students play such unaccountable pranks. For instance, by way of doing something original, or else merely for the sake of a little diver-

sion, a number of students from one of the classes in the thirties lugged a calf up to the top of the Chapel tower, left him to enjoy the view, and went to morning prayers. The calf soon wearied of the landscape, and began in his vigorous bovine way to proclaim the fact to the neighborhood. To make the story short, the College janitor and two assistants spent a good part of the morning in getting the beast down.

The view from the Chapel tower is one of the rare perquisites of the student at Amherst. The green Connecticut valley stretches out like a great garden in every direction from the foot of College Hill—itself a garden—and is hedged in on the four sides by those great hills that are so essential a part of Amherst, and seem to be the special property of Amherst College. The hills are jagged and picturesque on the south; round and rolling on the east; on the north, tall and majestic; and the Hampshire hills across the broad valley, with the faint blue Berkshires behind them, seem to mark the western boundary of the world.

Old North College—old in distinction from the present North College, which was known as Middle College while Old North was standing—was completed in the winter of 1828. It was pleasanter and more convenient than the others, except the rooms on the north side, where the sun never came. The erection of this building started the movement for grading the College

grounds. In the poverty of the College the students took hold of this work with a will, as opportunity offered, and sometimes the College in a body devoted a half or whole day to the work. The terraces in front of South College were made almost entirely by the students. This same spirit manifested by the students was also responsible, at about this time, for an improvised gymnasium in the College grove, and for the College band, which performed on all suitable occasions. The accompanying cut does not represent the improvements in the way of grading, because it is taken from a somewhat fanciful sketch, made before old North College was built, and intended to show how the "Chapel Row" would look when completed as first planned. This accounts for the presence of the dormitory on the right, which was never erected. Some years afterwards, however, Appleton Cabinet was built on that spot, and carried out the original conception of a symmetrical college row of five buildings. The little cabin at the extreme left, on the site of the present Hitchcock Hall, was occupied by a family of negroes until about 1840.

EDWARD CLARK HOOD, '97.

SENATE POLITICS.

Harper had come back to visit his *Alma Mater*. He had experienced all the delights of seeing again his old haunts; had strengthened himself with a draught from the College well; had climbed the Chapel tower to look once more at the fair valley of the Connecticut and its setting of green hills, as it stretches in every direction around the knoll from which Amherst's sons "*terras irradient;*" then had mounted the three flights of stairs that led to the rooms at the top of the "Old South" dormitory, where he and "Reggie" Thompson had lived as mates; and now sat there surrounded by a circle of undergraduates.

The talk had turned to the stand of the faculty on the Senate question, the boys being highly indignant at what they characterized as the arbitrary measures that had been taken.

Similar discussions of his college days came back in memory to the alumnus. He thought especially of those long and bitter conferences held in this same room at the time of what they had afterwards titled "Reggie's escapade." And soon the boys were listening to the story.

"It happened my Sophomore year. My roommate, Reginald Thompson, also of my class, fell under suspicion of being concerned in a hazing

scrape. This was the way it came about. There was a Freshman—unbearably green—as there always is. There were also Sophomores anxious to remedy the evil, who waylaid him one night and put him through some pretty stiff paddling. Having been seized from behind he had caught a glimpse of but one of his tormentors, and this one he afterwards asserted was Reginald Thompson. Now, in the midst of the fun, the night-watchman, attracted by Freshie's yells, appeared on the scene. The Sophs fled, and as they hurried over Chapel Hill the watchman saw them brush past some one, with bag in hand, hurrying toward the train.

"The Freshman reported the hazing, and Reggie was accused of being the ringleader. Of course he denied the charge; but he had been out somewhere that night and could not prove an alibi, so his case indeed looked hopeless.

"I remember, as if it were yesterday, the conference we held up here at that time, trying to devise some method of exonerating him. The Senate was then in full working order, and we had carefully sounded each member, only to find that, when Reggie should come before that body, the chances were for a close vote, and we feared against him. One senator from our own class, however, was still to be chosen. It remained for us to put in a friend.

"'Townsend is our man,' decided MacMaster, the class president. 'Now you fellows just

FRESHMAN RIVER.

hustle round and get votes. Fraternity deals are poor tactics, but don't you stop for anything this time. We ought to get the *Theta Epsilons* and the *Beta Gammas* in a body, and a good share of the *Oudens*. That man Borden is expecting to run, and if he is elected, Reggie here might as well "pack up and git" right away.'

"'Amen,' chimed in Reggie; 'Borden and I are no chums.'

"Next day came the class meeting. Not a member was absent, excepting Reggie. The fellows disapproved of the hazing, and they meant to vote as they believed justice required. Borden managed to come in late, just as MacMaster was calling for order, and some of his adherents started a little boom for him by way of applause. He was a man of striking appearance —square-shouldered, with a large head, deep-set eyes, and a continual smirk about his mouth. He was leader of a certain set in the class, and had considerable influence. We knew he was no weak opponent.

'The election was very close. Only Townsend and Borden were nominated. The preliminary ballot was two or three votes in our favor. A motion that it be declared formal was lost. And then, when the formal vote was cast, some of our adherents had gone over, and Borden was elected. Oh, we were mad! Yet there was nothing left us but to wait for the result of the Senate meeting.

"That was held in the evening, and I was present as a witness. No new facts were brought out. So they went into secret session, and we were requested to remain outside.

"Now, some men in Reggie's circumstances would have shown a boastful indifference in the attempt to prove their manliness. But he was sensitive, and dreaded his father's disappointment and reproach. He was patient, however, and after a tedious wait the door of the President's office was opened by Borden, who, with an unusual smirk, said: 'The culprit is summoned to reappear.'

"We followed him in, Reggie compressing his lips in the effort at composure as he faced the President, who stood at the further end of the long table.

"'Mr. Thompson, the Senate has decided that you shall suffer the penalty of expulsion for the hazing of which you have been accused. You are forbidden to attend further exercises or recitations of the College. I shall be glad to see you privately at my house in half an hour.'

"That was all. Reggie turned to go, when a loud knock stopped him, and immediately our class president entered, followed by an upperclassman. MacMaster was almost bubbling over with something new, and as soon as he had the President's attention he asked if fresh evidence might be introduced.

"'Certainly, if it has important bearing upon

the case,' replied the President; then adding: 'Mr. Thompson, you will wait a minute, please.'

"The upper-classman then stepped forward and explained how he had just returned to town and learned of the hazing; that he had left Amherst on the night it occurred; that he was, in fact, the man with the bag, whom the culprits had nearly stumbled on as they ran from the watchman.

"'I recognized but one of the men,' he concluded. 'However, I have known Mr. Thompson by sight, and I feel certain that he was not among them.'

"You can imagine how we grasped at this new testimony. Even the President and senators looked relieved, for Reggie was a popular man, and they had assumed the responsibility of expelling him on mere circumstantial evidence. As I glanced around the table to see the result of this unexpected turn, I caught a fierce gleam in Borden's eyes. The smirk had disappeared.

"The President then began to question the new witness. 'You have said that Mr. Thompson was not among the men who passed you that night, but that you did recognize one of the party. Will you give us his name?'

"'The man is fortunately present to contradict me if my accusation is false;' and, with a gesture, 'It was—'

"'Quiet, you fool!' yelled Borden, leaping to his feet. 'Gentlemen, allow me! It was your

most humble servant! And, that the ends of justice may more quickly be attained, I shall sever my connection with Amherst College without requiring the formality of any mandate from this most illustrious and august body. For I feel that, representing—as you do—nothing but an impracticable theory, I have now the honor of addressing the most farcical body that ever pretended to administer the balm of justice—gentlemen of the Amherst College Senate!' "

His story done, Harper settled back into his chair and relit his cigar.

"You know," he finally broke the silence, "there have been several pessimists among Amherst's alumni, who, when I have recounted those words of Borden's, have openly agreed with him. They have maintained that the Senate—all very nice as a theory—was yet impracticable and absurd. But you see that sun setting behind the Berkshire hills; you see the peaceful valley spread out below; and above, the quarter-moon, promising a perfect night! The idea of the Amherst Senate sprang from a mind tuned to harmonies such as these, and they remain to prove that the ideal has its influence on our lives, however intangible be its immediate results."

ALFRED ROELKER, JR., '95.

THE COLLEGE WELL.

THE COLLEGE WELL.

"And David longed and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well. * * * *II. Samuel, 23:15.*

The writer has been unable to secure evidence that David ever played harp for an Amherst musical organization, or indeed that he ever walked our halls as a student of cube and Greek roots, and yet he has thus expressed what has frequently been the yearning of Amherst grads. in moments of reverie and reminiscence.

The well? Yes, for us it is *the* well; just as for Italians Rome was *the* city; and for terrestrials the blazing ball that makes day, rather than some of the more distant orbs, is *the* sun. As regards well-worship we are eternally, relentlessly monotheistic, and cry out with true Ephesian vehemence, "There shall be no other wells before It!" If there is an assertion whose absolute certainty we are willing to champion against the scoffings of skeptics and the loud-mouthed brayings of meddlesome science, it is that the water of the College well forms for us the sweetest compound of hydrogen and oxygen that ever touched human lips. Does some hard-hearted chemist discover that it fairly wriggles with bacteria? We care not, and will defend the discov-

ered brand of bacteria as the fattest, juiciest and most palatable on the market. It is not for the wholesomeness, or quantity, or purity, or frigidity of the water from the College well that we are contending, but solely for its incomparable sweetness. We freely admit that much of this sweetness may be subjective sensation. The gist of the matter is, we are in love with the well, and whoever heard of Romeo's discoursing with judicial impartiality upon the curve of Juliet's chin?

The love which a grad. holds for the old well is but the apotheosis of undergraduate friendship. If, as Burton says, "a friend is a medicine for misery," surely the well has a strong lien upon that title. After a tongue-parching tramp along the Holyoke range with botanic malice aforethought, or a rock-smashing expedition to Pelham, or a search after the elusive arbutus among the thickets of Pizgah, what liquid satisfaction we have gulped down beneath that peaked roof, reading the while inscriptions commerical, athletic, and personal! How enjoyably the windlass squeaked and the chain clanked as we coaxed the bucket downward into the rippling coolness! How the distant gurgling soothed us as we waited for the tightening of the chain, which told that all was ready for the up-trip! And when with spasmodic bursts of speed the bucket finally appeared from the gloomy depths, meanwhile dripping of its burden—for the great-hearted old pail always tried to bring up more

than it could carry—when with a satisfied bump the stone settled down on the floor, and there before us,

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

was a bucket of refreshment worthy of the Olympians themselves, how we have longed for a poet to celebrate our old well in grateful song! Unhappily a college curriculum is not productive of Pindars and Horaces, else we could say to our fount what the Sabine farmer said to his famous Fons Bandusiae:

"Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium."

Whether thou findest thy Horace or not, dear old well, have no fear. In our memory's temple thou shalt have a shrine by no means the least. Often the cry of David will voice itself in our hearts; and if a draught of thy waters were obtainable at no less a price, who shall say but that we would undergo even the sacrifice that Odin made for a drink of Mimir's well beneath the ash tree, Igdrasil?

HERBERT A. JUMP, '96.

AMHERST FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Amherst in 1845, when I entered college, was very different from the Amherst of to-day. It was no less beautiful for situation, and its rampart of mountains was a perpetual delight to the eye, as now; but the town was an ordinary country village, the streets poorly kept, the green ungraded and uncared for, no churches or other public buildings that were not eyesores—a member of the faculty described the Congregational Church as "a cross between a dog-kennel and a cotton factory,"—and few private houses except of the plainest New England type. In the spring, when the frost was coming out of the ground, the student had to wade through mud ankle-deep in going from the College to his meals. We used to talk of "excavating our boots" after a tramp in that mud.

The nearest railroad station was at Northampton, whither daily coaches ran, as also to Palmer and Brookfield. The College buildings were the old chapel, with south, middle (now north), and north dormitories.

The fortunes of the College were then at their lowest ebb. The whole number of students in 1845-46 was 118, the smallest since 1822-23, the second year of its history. In 1846-47 the num-

ber was 120. During these two years there were only nine persons in the faculty. How poorly they were paid Professor Tyler has told us in his History. But they worked with no less zeal and patience early and late—literally early, for in those days we had morning prayers and an hour's recitation before breakfast, which came at half past seven.

Discipline was sufficiently strict. For a student to take a quiet walk on a Sunday out of church hours might be winked at, but one must not be seen driving for recreation between the sunsets of Saturday and Sunday, the limits of holy time in college reckoning.

Hazing, however, seemed to be regarded by the authorities as a necessary evil. I do not know that any effort was made to punish or suppress it. It was generally of a harmless sort, but sometimes a Freshman who forgot his proper position—from a Sophomoric point of view—was treated with exceptional severity. For myself, I lived in constant dread of hazing, but was the victim of it only twice. I roomed on the ground floor of South College, northeast corner, and while engaged in study one evening was hit in the back of the neck by a two-quart jug which came crashing through the window. If its trajectory had varied a few inches I doubt whether my skull would have stood the blow.

On the other occasion I suffered in company with the entire class. The Freshmen had been

invited to an evening reception at the President's house, and when we returned to our rooms we found every keyhole plugged with wood. Thereby hangs a tale. It was the first year of President Hitchcock's administration. His predecessor in office had given receptions to the Seniors, possibly to the Juniors—I am not sure about that—but never to the lower classes. President Hitchcock began with the Seniors, and the next week he entertained the Juniors. They exulted in the honor done them, and told their Sophomore friends that perhaps another year *they* could go to a "Prex's party." But the Sophomores had to wait only a week before they were asked to the Presidential mansion. Here everybody supposed the series of entertainments would end, and the Sophs plumed themselves accordingly. Of course they were disgusted when the Freshmen were similarly honored a week later, and they wreaked their spite upon us by the keyhole trick.

In 1845 there were but two secret societies at Amherst—Alpha Delta Phi and Psi Upsilon. Delta Kappa Epsilon was introduced in 1846, and Delta Upsilon in 1847. The non-society men were in the majority, and in 1846 they formed an anti-secret society, whose motto was "*Ouden adelon*" (nothing secret). A Psi Upsilon man wittily perverted this, by a slight metathesis, into "*Oudena delon*," which he rendered in the vernacular as "evidently nobody." The members of

this society were familiarly known as "*Oudens.*" There were many non-society men who did not sympathize with them, but the "Oudens" occasionally managed to carry an election of officers in one of the two general literary societies to which all the students belonged. Seelye was President of Academia (one of these societies), and when his term of office expired one of the poorest scholars in the class was elected in his place. Seelye was so indignant that he declined to give the customary "Ex-Presidential" address, which he had prepared. A certain Psi Upsilon man remarked that "from Seelye to ——— was a veritable *descensus Averni.*" "Yes," said another, with a free translation of the Latin, "a h— of a descent, indeed!"

What were our amusements? Few and simple, as a rule. The only gymnasium we had was the grove behind Middle College, where was a swing, a vaulting horse, a set of parallel bars, and a track for foot-racing round the edge of the grove. A kind of cricket known as "wicket" was played, and "loggerheads," a game which I never saw anywhere else, but which was identical with Shakespeare's "loggats" (Hamlet, v., 1, 100). Baseball had not been developed out of the juvenile "round-ball," nor had tennis been revived after centuries of desuetude. Tramps to Holyoke, Northampton, Sugarloaf, and elsewhere in the vicinity, were favorite recreations with most of us. Requests for leave to go to South Hadley

were viewed with suspicion by the faculty. A friend in one of the upper classes was engaged to a girl in the Seminary there whose name was Mann. When he asked leave to go thither the professor inquired whether he was going to visit a young lady. "I am going to see a *Mann*," was the reply, but the capital and the extra consonant were of course indistinguishable to the official ear, and permission was granted at once.

Student pranks were not unknown in those days, but they were generally harmless practical jokes; like enticing a calf up stairs in a dormitory and tying the beast to a tutor's door-knob, or leading a stray horse into a recitation-room just before the professor was to arrive. Raids on neighboring orchards sometimes occurred, and poultry not bought of the regular dealer now and then furnished forth a feast in a student's room. I was once invited to such a supper by one of the best scholars in the class, who afterwards became a clergyman. He *said* he found the turkey "running wild" in a barnyard at North Amherst. Festive entertainments of this kind, however, were rare among the students. This was the only one at which I personally "assisted." The unconventional method of obtaining the main dish for the supper was regarded then, as before and since in the collegiate code of morals, as a venial offense.

Aside from such amusements and irregularities as I have mentioned, hard work, little play, and

no dissipation worthy the name, were the rule at Amherst in my college days. Hazing was the one disgrace, compared with which the pranks and fooleries I have referred to were, to my thinking, "pure innocence."

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, Litt. D., '49.

IN MEMORIAM.

A Puritan was dead when Seelye died.
A Puritan, indeed, of gentler mould,
Of broader mind and heart than those of old;
Serene, self-poised, unshaken by the tide
Of passion or of faction. Not untried
By his own feet the pathway long and bold
He bade men climb. There lay his strength: what told
Was not his words, but he behind them. Wide
The river is and strong from such a source:
The mingling streams grow purer in its course:
The cities on its banks are noble, free.
Thy sway, New England, through this mighty land,
So long as sons like him are born of thee,
Shall be maintained with firm, unerring hand!

HENRY WICKES GOODRICH, '80.

AN AMHERST LEGEND.

Once upon a time there was an Indian wizard, who lived in a hut where Amherst now stands; and he sold his soul to the devil and perished, as did Faust. But before he died he, through his godfather, the Devil, did many wicked things, and one at least which wrought two changes in the scenery near Amherst.

THE STORY OF MOUNT WARNER.

Many, many hundred moons ago, before a tree had been felled at Hadley, or even before Boston Bay had seen a white man's ship, an Indian girl lived in a beautiful spot on the top of Sugarloaf; and from her dwelling she could look at all the broad valley and the river sparkling and dancing on its way to the sea. And the Indian girl was as pretty as the scene at which she looked—she was the fairest of the valley, of all the great valley hemmed in by the mountains. She had a lover who was strong and handsome, and the son of a chief; and she had another lover—the old Indian wizard who had sold his soul to the Devil.

Now Neanita—for that was her name—loved the land where she lived, and she loved to sit for hours on the mountain, looking at the valley. In the morning she saw it grow bright and rosy

under the sunrise, and sometimes sparkle with dew, as though it were a valley of diamonds. At noon she watched the broad river roll along in its slow way, and at evening with the son of the chief she would sit and see the moonlight bathe the land in white and pearl. And the valley was always brighter when Neanita looked at it; so that even now, when a sunbeam comes down through a dark day, people say that it is Neanita's smile. But she did not love the old wizard, and she never smiled on him; so in those days, when the sky grew black and the mountains rumbled with thunder, the people knew that the old wizard was angry at her, and they trembled in their skin tents. But the Great Manitou looked down and smiled on it all, for he knew that good would win.

Every evening the young chief came from his hunting to talk with Neanita on the edge of the cliff, and to look at the valley. And he came from the north, for he lived beyond the mountains. One evening Neanita sat alone on the cliff, and before her was the valley in the moonlight. She waited long, but there was no welcome sound of moccasins on the grass behind her. The moon began to drop in the sky and it grew late. The stars twinkled down and laughed to see themselves in the river, but they pitied Neanita. Far behind her in the woods she heard a grinding noise; she thought she heard the death song, and she listened. And while she

listened the sky grew dark for a moment, as though some great bird flew over. The stars and the moon were hidden, and Neanita was afraid. Then all was bright again, and down in the broad meadows before her was something she had never seen before. There, right in the center of the valley, lay a mountain as round as though it were some great warrior's death-pile. And she did not know what it was, but we call it Mount Warner.

That day the wizard had been angry, and the mountains had rumbled much, for Neanita had told him to go, because she loved the young chief. The wizard sought his godfather, the Devil, and that evening, as the son of the chief was climbing the long ascent of Sugarloaf and looking at the stars above him, he was lifted in the air and with him a great piece taken from the mountain. The old wizard and his godfather, the Devil, in this way made the Notch in Sugarloaf; and they put the piece down in the center of the valley, and under it they buried the young chief.

And if you now visit Mount Warner you will find a beautiful purple flower that grows on the very summit, and people say that its roots are in the heart of the young chief. The Notch is still in Sugarloaf. The place that they call "Philip's Seat" is not the seat of the great chief, but where Neanita sat night after night looking at the valley and waiting for that lover whom she saw

no more. And if at midnight you sit in that lofty nook you will see a star directly above you. That star is the soul of Neanita, and it looks forever at the purple flower of Warner.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW, '95.

FAIR AMHERST.

Fairest of all the fair,
  Pride of each glorious sun,
Nobler each passing year,
  Amherst her race doth run.

Richest of all the rich
  In Nature's bounteous gifts;
Throned on her glorious hill,
  She many a storm-cloud lifts.

Proudest of all the proud
  From sacred learning's halls
Are the sons whom thou hast borne,
  Proud of thy classic walls!

Fair Amherst, of thee we sing!
  Rich Amherst—in Nature's store!
Proud Amherst, thy praise shall ring
  Till time shall be no more!

FREDERICK W. RAYMOND, '99.

THE COLLEGE GROVE.

AMHERST COMMENCEMENT FIFTY YEARS AGO.

During the first decade of Amherst's history the public literary exercises of the students were confined to Commencement, prize speaking, and an annual society exhibition. Of these the Commencement exercises have continued, with some modification and melioration, up to the present time. The Kellogg prize speaking began in 1825, the chartered year of the College, and, with one exception, has been held annually since. The society exhibitions maintained a nomadic existence until about ten years ago.

It was a most welcome custom, during the '30s, '40s and '50s to bring in on Tuesday of Commencement week one or two of the most eminent orators the country could afford. Edward Everett, Henry Ward Beecher (who himself was graduated from Amherst in '34), John B. Gough, Charles Sumner, Tayler Lewis, Dr. Hickok, Dr. Richard Salter Storrs, class of '39, and Dr. A. P. Peabody were among those who honored our stage. The orators were invited in turn by the literary societies—Athenae, Alexandria and So-

cial Union. The offices of president and marshal of the occasion were the honors of the Senior class, and sharp political work was done to secure these positions.

The great ambition of nearly every man in College was to win an "appointment" at Commencement, and it did stimulate hard and successful study. But, oh! the heart-burnings and destruction of hopes when the standing was announced! No one but the valedictorian was satisfied that the right thing had been done, and each man thought he should have been placed a little higher on the scale. More than one graduate was never seen again on the Campus after that day, because of dissatisfaction with his standing in class.

The whole community manifested a deep interest in these exercises, crowding the church—now College Hall—to every corner, and listening attentively to a programme which rarely occupied less than five hours, and that, too, in the early part of August. The only light and diverting feature of these exercises was occasionally a "Colloquy," with costumes and scenic fixtures. Music, indoors and out, was furnished by a brass band. There was no alumni dinner then, but for many years it was the custom to serve a cold lunch in the basement of College Hall. Nevertheless, there was a whole-hearted interest in these occasions which has not been manifested in later years. Every student stayed through all

the exercises, packed up after the festivities of Commencement night, and left town next morning by early or extra stage.

One imposing spectacle of Commencement day was the procession about town and to the church. At 9 o'clock the students gathered on the Chapel steps and soon formed in line behind the band, the Freshmen leading. The procession marched down Main street to the Amherst House, then turned "column right" toward East street. When the rear end had reached the hotel a halt was made to give the band a chance for breath and to receive the Governor of the Commonwealth, the President, trustees, faculty, the orator of the day, distinguished guests and the alumni—all led by the high sheriff of the county in his blue coat and brass buttons. Then the combined procession moved along the east side of the Common, until "column right" turned the line across the Common and up to the front of the church, where the head of the procession was met by a dozen constables, carrying black staves about six feet long. Then the Freshmen made open order, marched "closed up" to the middle door, took "inward face," and shoulder to shoulder uncovered; the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors executing the same movements in order. Then the high sheriff led the distinguished persons up between the lines into the church. The Seniors followed and took reserved seats. After them the Juniors closed in, and many secured good places.

The Sophomores and Freshmen made the same attempt, but several were sure to find only standing-room left. The galleries were "reserved expressly for ladies," and no women were allowed in the body of the house. The galleries were always full, however, and no men were allowed there, save the ushers and "skeddies," who distributed the schedules; for the programme of the exercises was kept a secret until the President proclaimed "Schaemae distribuantur," immediately after the opening prayer.

Meantime, outside the church, a motley crowd was making a pretense to gain an entrance, but more evidently enjoying a friendly push and scramble with the constables and their black poles. After the services had fairly commenced, the outside crowd, numbering nearly a thousand people, from Pelham, Shutesbury, Hadley and other neighboring towns, repaired to the Common. Here, during the previous night, tents and booths had been set up, where were offered for sale whips and other trinkets, oysters, sweet cider, candy, gingerbread and other edible and drinkable articles, especially "mead," a drink now superseded by soda and vichy. The day seldom closed without a "ring," in which was to be found a wrestling match; and sometimes a small "mill" was formed, when two fellows got mad over some trifle, and could not be satisfied until they had pounded each other for a few minutes

before the black poles of the constables separated them.

All this Commencement crowd vanished about 1860, when cattle shows and county fairs were instituted, and one of the salient features of Amherst Commencement became a matter of history.

EDWARD HITCHCOCK, '49.

ON READING KENNAN'S SIBERIAN PAPERS.

I caught a cry across the waters flung,
So proud and piteous (as if Despair
Held forth a people's heart and laid it bare
For all the world to gaze on), that it stung
My helpless heart to pity. Then I clung
Close to God's judgment bar in silent prayer,
As though the heart of mercy, throned there,
Might heed that cry of pain from Russia wrung.

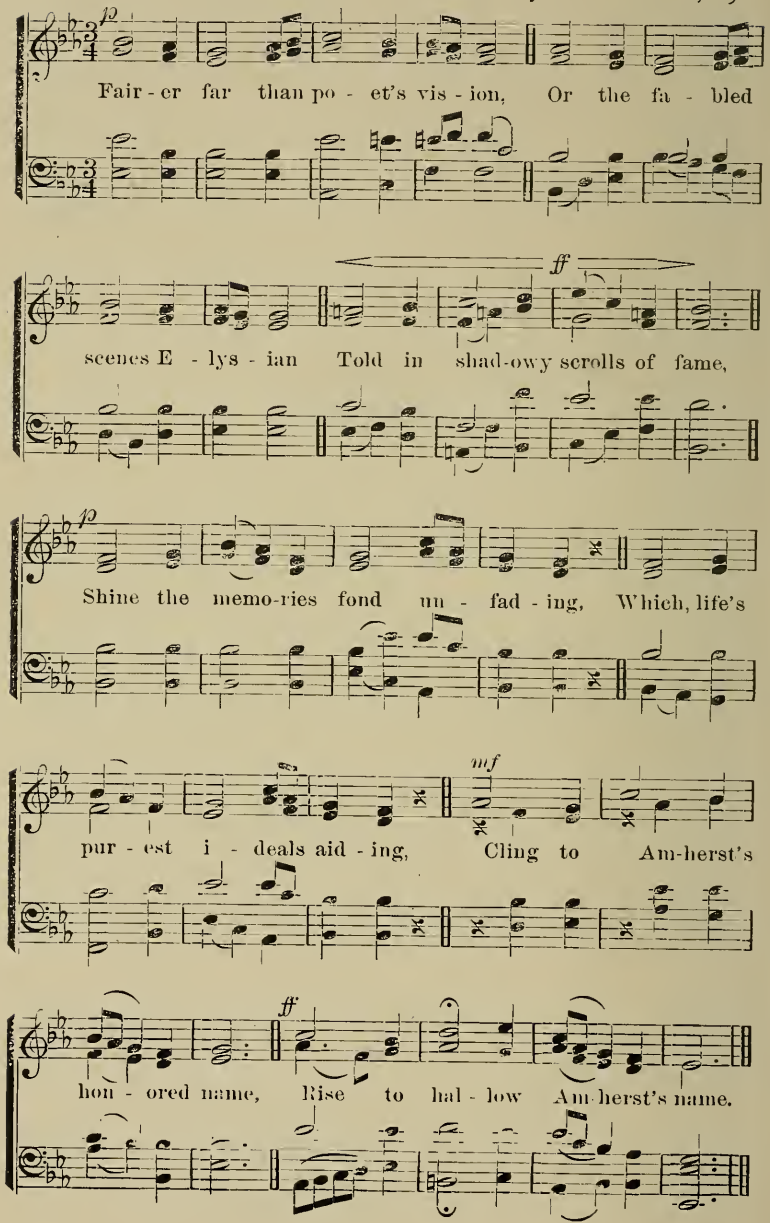
But soon my silence broke, and there upwelled,
Hot, bold, and passionate, "Our Father's God,
Free Thou these Russian hearts, in fetters held!
Nerve Thou these Russian hands to wield Thy rod
And scourge the oppressor, till, by Freedom felled,
The tyrant's throne be crumbled to the sod!"

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS, '86.

From "*The Critic*," February, 1890.

MEMORY SONG TO AMHERST.

Very slowly, with breadth. MOZART. Arr. by W. P. BIGELOW, '89.



II.

Here, in toil and stress of trial,
Here, in sturdy self-denial,
    Wrought, to found these hoary walls,
Men whose life-long consecration,
Rich in sacred inspiration,
    Us to high endeavor calls,—
    Truth and high endeavor calls.

III.

From these halls to action's glory,
Deeds unsung or famed in story,
    Pitching tent on many a strand,
Forth have gone the alumni, wearing
Amherst's seal, and nobly bearing
    Amherst's name to every land,
    Honoring her in every land.

IV.

Nature's bounteous wealth surrounding,
Friendship's, learning's joys abounding,
    Crown these youthful college days;
Yes, her loyal sons remember,
Down to life's austere December,
    Dear old Amherst's worthy praise:—
    Never die sweet Amherst's praise!

JOHN F. GENUNG.

THE GLEE.

When night enshrouds old Amherst,
  And starry darkness falls
O'er all the town and campus,
  Veiling chapel, church and halls;
Through open windows softly
  Comes stealing in to me
The sound of students' voices,
  As they sing some jolly glee.

When sad thoughts crowd upon me,
  And my path seems dark and drear,
And days drag on so slowly—
  A week seems as a year;
When I think of the past I've wasted,
  What the future is to be;
Why, some way things look brighter
  When the fellows sing the glee.

When years shall leave me weary,
  And age shall bow my head,
I'll falter back to Amherst
  When the leaves are turning red;
I'll seek the same old window,
  And sinking on my knee,
My heart will echo softly
  As the fellows sing the glee.

L. C. STONE, '96.

AMHERST FORTY YEARS AGO.

It was the third of July, 1855, towards midnight, in an upper room in old North College, where Williston Hall now stands. I was reading "Dream Life," and being thirsty, went out to the well and brought in a brimming pail of water. Some Seniors who roomed down town had arrayed themselves in white duck suits, silk hats and patent leather shoes, obtained a supply of fire crackers, and came into the east entry to bang them under the doors and through the keyholes in anticipation of the Fourth. My room was the last, and as soon as they started down I seized my pail of water, went to the front hall window, and as they came out on the stone steps, four stories below, I held out the pail at arm's length, gave it a clean tip-over and drew back. As I learned afterwards the water struck Rufus Choate on the hat and soaked him to his shoes. After a moment's silence I heard them coming back up-stairs with a very resolute tread. Bolting my door, I seized an iron poker and stood ready to "defend my castle."

They stopped on the second floor, however, and kicked into splinters the door of Bradbury brothers, suspecting them. They, awakened thus rudely, protested their innocence and made a

great row. The next morning the brothers made complaint to Tutor Howland against these hazing Seniors. Expecting that an investigation would follow I went to Tutor Howland and told of my participation in the affair. Nothing was done, and I heard no more about it until I happened to meet Choate two weeks after. He reached out his hand and said: "You did that well!" "I'm glad you think so," I replied, and we agreed to call it even.

Another student prank comes vividly to mind. There was a bowlder walk extending from the foot of the stairs near North College to the highway in front of the President's house. It was a treacherous means of passage, especially after dark in spring or fall, when, instead of stepping on the tops of the bowlders, one was liable to step between and go over shoe in mud. About ten o'clock one night, by mutual understanding, crowbars and picks were taken from Appleton Cabinet, then building, and beginning at the highway the bowlders were dug up and rolled down the hill toward the Boltwood house. Some of them were large and bedded deep, leaving great holes. Not a word was spoken. The chug of bars and picks was the only noise, and the fire that flew from striking steel on stone was the only light. The work moved right up to the foot of the stairs, when some one discovered that Tutor Howland was leaning out of his third-story window in North College to identify whom he

CHAPEL ROW IN 1856.
(From the '56 Class Book.)

could. The work was done, the band scattered, every fellow returned his tool and hustled off to bed without a light.

The next morning when "Prof. Ty" was going up to Greek, the janitor, Mr. Ayres, was at work with a hoe digging down the elevations and filling in the holes to make the walk passable. "You are making a good improvement here," said the professor. "Do you think so?" said Mr. Ayres. "I do," replied the professor. It was a hit, and no effort was made to discover the diggers. We have done many easier jobs, but never one more satisfactory.

Forty years ago the two literary societies, Athenae and Alexandria, were accustomed to hold in the Chapel, soon after the opening of College, an "electioneering meeting," which corresponded to the modern fraternity "rushing season." At the meeting in my Freshman year George Partridge, '54, a Senior, had spoken, giving many statistics and facts to show us Freshmen the superiority of his society. The Senior from the other society began by saying he was aware that his opponent had been brooding over records for weeks past, but it would not amount to anything, for we read in the good book that "the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not." This witticism was cheered loudly and had great weight with the Freshmen.

Early in the fifties there were few buildings on College Hill. All the recitation rooms were in

the old Chapel, except one in the Octagon and another in old South College. The Chapel aisles and pews were bare and noisy; the pew doors were continually slamming as the boys passed in and out. The recitation-rooms were seated with plank benches rising in tiers. It was in the day of President Stearns that mattings, chairs, pictures and statuettes came into use. The pew doors were taken off, accommodations made more comfortable, and a look and feeling of fineness crept through the College.

Greek, Latin and Mathematics were the trinity to whom we all sacrificed. There were other studies, but it was true, "now abideth these three." Nothing was optional, and there were no "cuts." We exercised in the grove and had chapel before breakfast. There were no glee, banjo, or mandolin clubs, no scientific baseball, football or tennis. The Greek fraternities had no chapter houses, and only one had rooms outside the dormitories. According to the boys in those days President Hitchcock was the greatest and best man; Professor Tyler the most discerning—that is, he knew boys as well as Greek; Professor Snell was the best teacher, and Professor Haven the deepest thinker and most finished orator.

Forty years ago a fellow could go through Amherst College comfortably for $1,200. We went for the education. Intellectual attainments and religious life were what nearly all sought The government of the College was simple and

easy. It governed itself for the most part. Everything was plain and inexpensive. There were no styles that had to be followed, and yet a great many young men got a training that has made them leaders in the high callings of the world. New Amherst may be better, but we of forty years ago can never cease to feel "Blessed be Old Amherst."

E. G. COBB, '57.

FRAZAR AUGUSTUS STEARNS.*

A brave and beauteous boy—scarce more
In years, in spirit manhood's own—
When once he heard of battle's roar,
And thought of that sad race whose moan
Rose helplessly, he put aside
Life's sweets and freely sacrificed
His all for liberty. He died;
But memory has canonized
His chivalry. Fair Honor weaves
Her laurel for his brow, and Truth—
The Queen whose will he followed—leaves
Her tears upon his tomb to soothe
Her sorrow, while the lips of Fame
Lisp ceaselessly his deathless name.

SEYMOUR RANSOM, '92.

*A son of President Stearns and a member of the Class of 1862. Killed at the head of his regiment in the battle of Newbern, N. C., 1862.

INITIATED.

Somebody started up the fire in the chapter-house parlor, we all gathered round it, and then they called on me for a story. All the fellows were looking at me, and the boyish faces that were full of college life brought back to my mind boyish faces of another day. As I gazed into the fire the red flames, hungrily licking the big sticks and roaring in the way of all flame, formed pictures before me. The roaring was like the sound of wind in tall trees, and I seemed to see the great branches tossing about in the blaze. Then right on the flames came a face, and my momentary start at the apparition was noticed, for the boys again implored a story. What could I do? The fire had brought back memories, so I told the one weird story I knew, and for a college tale I think it was sadder than it should have been.

" Boys," I began, " I suppose life at Amherst is just as full of fun now as it used to be in my time, but still you all must know of one or more serious things. Let me ask you, in the first place, never to impose on a man's weakness. God help you if you do! That's my moral, so don't look for any other. My Senior year we pledged here a man with an antipathy. He was a fine-looking, honest, manly fellow, and all you could ask, ex-

cept—I don't know how we found it out—he was afraid of the dark and of high places. I think if he had gone on the Chapel tower he would have fainted, and as for leaving lamp-light at night, that was a thing he never dared to do.

"Well, when it came time for initiation we thought it would be great sport to make him less afraid of the dark, and so we planned an elaborate scheme for his 'out-door work.' After the usual nonsense that you all know about, we tied his hands to his sides, wrapped him up in a big blanket, bandaged his eyes, made a cushion for his head, and set off in an old lumber wagon we found somewhere, and with a livery horse. The night was dark as pitch—all cloudy overhead—but we knew the road, and so did the horse. Four of us went. Two lay beside the Freshman in the bottom of the wagon and one sat by me, for I was driving. We took the road to Hadley and lashed the horse all the way. The Freshman bumped around in his blanket, but endured the torture without a murmur. It was just a matter of darkness through the two-mile woods and by the old witch swamp, but it got rather creepy when we had passed Hadley—you know, turning down the road to the left—and were steering for the mountain. The horse was nervous, too, for it sweated white in the dark. But I gritted my teeth and hung on for dear life, while the fellow next me kept laying on the whip. Sometimes we were in the road and sometimes

Psi Upsilon

Alpha Delta Phi.

Delta Kappa Epsilon.

in the ditch. As we dashed along by the river I suddenly thought 'What if the horse got too near the bank, and that fellow all tied up in the blanket!' I remember rattling through that old covered bridge so that it threatened to come down about our ears. Bump! bump! we went, over knolls and into gullies, and soon the dark mass of Holyoke loomed up out of the black night. Across the river we could see Tom faintly outlined against the sky.

"We drove up the mountain as far as we could, then tied the horse and walked, with our man blindfolded, the rest of the way. Near the top we steered off into the brush and over the ledges. Of course we had a lantern and picked our way carefully. We had a fiendish plan, but we were greater devils than we knew. Our prisoner stumbled along and sometimes fell, but never said a word. After a long climb we reached the spot we were aiming for—the top of a cliff about 100 feet high—and there we halted. The wind sighed in the trees like spirits, the leaves brushed together and the branches creaked; the awful lonesomeness of the place almost frightened us. Well, we four poor fools took that Freshman, wrapped him closer in the blanket so that he wouldn't catch cold, and then tied him to a big tree that stood right on the edge of the cliff. We secured him so that he wouldn't get loose and fall over the cliff; then told him his position, and made him promise all sorts of

things. All the while the wind was muttering up and down in the big mountain, as though its old Indian devils had come back again. Way off beyond were Tom and Nonotuck, with their wild stories and legends. One of the fellows told some of the more awful of these stories in such a way as to magnify their horror, and before he got through we all had the shivers. Then we went off and left the Freshman tied to the tree, being careful to remove the blindfold, so that he could appreciate the situation. We were going to leave him for two hours alone in the dark, hanging over the edge of that cliff, with his mind tormented by about as devilish a lot of ghost stories as I ever heard. We went back to where we had tied the horse, and were all filled with our scheme and its results, which we knew would be the curing of that fellow's fear of the dark, at least.

"The first flash and rumble of an approaching storm suddenly woke us from our self-gratulation, and we started for our Freshman. As we clambered breathlessly over the rocks the man with the lantern stumbled and smashed it, and we lost the path. Then the storm broke upon us in fury. The wind shrieked and howled like a mad demon. The rain poured in torrents, and the thunder cracked and roared and rumbled, and broke the sky and the mountain, too. The lightning now lit up all around us intensely white, so that we could see the great trees tossing about in the storm, and then all was black again.

In the flashes we caught glimpses of each other's white, scared faces, as we plunged on through those awful woods, but nowhere could we discover that tree or cliff. Suddenly there came a fearful crash, and not 300 feet away a tree was shattered before our eyes. We dropped with fright, and lay there in the dark—four half-crazed boys, praying wildly for God to save us. Then we thought of that poor fellow tied at the top of the cliff, and dreadful apprehensions tormented us.

"The storm cleared at last, the stars came out, and the night grew brighter. Where was our Freshman? We said little, but each one feared that somewhere on that great, dark mountain was a maniac tied to a tree on the edge of a cliff. Trembling from our past terror and this new fear we hurried on. Soon we found the cliff, but—burned ropes, burned blanket, a splintered tree. Struck by lightning! 'Good God!' cried one fellow and fainted. We were murderers—horrible, hideous murderers! Not one of us dared go to the bottom of the cliff, where the body must have fallen. Dazed and overwhelmed we stumbled down the mountain. We would tell our terrible crime to the President and give ourselves up. Then what?—we were murderers!

"On the long ride home not a word was spoken. All I could think of was an awful crash, a blinding light, and a white face at the bottom of a cliff. That face haunts my mind to-day, as it lay there, ghastly and cold, under the starlight.

"We went to my room, locked ourselves in, and were there till noon, listening for a knock that we thought was sure to come, and suffering all the pangs of mental torture. At noon, with white, downcast faces and heavy hearts, we set out for the President's house. Just as we reached his gate we ran squarely upon—the Freshman! For an instant we staggered with amazement, then rushing forward we overwhelmed him with our excited words.

"His explanation was simple enough. Hearing the storm coming, and frightened at the thought of his position, he had by almost superhuman effort worked himself free. He had run through the woods and down the mountain to a farm-house, reaching it just in time to escape the full fury of the storm. The lightning had struck the tree while we were cowering in the woods. It was a miraculous escape. I don't know whether he was cured of his fear or not, but as for me, the sight of Holyoke makes me shudder, and a thunder storm revives the old terror. *We* were the ones who had been initiated."

FREDERICK H. LAW, '95.

OLD UNCLE.

OLD UNCLE.

He is a sure sign of spring—this old man. On a raw, windy March morning, perhaps, you are going home from recitations. Picking your way along the muddy walk, you button your coat closer and thrust your hands deep into your pockets. Splash! Splash! on you go, longing for your pipe and your fire. You turn a corner and come face to face with him.

"Have some maple sugar?"

There he stands, just as he stood twelve months ago. There is the same old, rusty, dented beaver hat; the same thick mass of soft, white hair, almost covering his wrinkled face; the same weather-scarred coat, with its nicked buttons and frayed buttonholes; the same stick; the same pail; and, for all you know, the same cakes of sugar. He is as unchangeable as Old Father Time.

Shifting his cane to his left hand, he takes from the pail one of the yellow disks and holds it up for you to examine.

"Well, uncle," you say, putting the cake into your pocket, "I suppose we can look for warm weather, now that you are around! How did you pass the winter?"

"Well, I don't know. Kinder like a woodchuck, I guess," he answers in a drawling tone.

"There ain't nothin' goin' on out my way. I git to meetin' now and then; you send a fine preacher out there. He's got the gosp'l in his heart, an'll be a big one by'n by. Have some maple sugar?"

This last is addressed to a new comer, who, like yourself, pauses to have a word or two. Then another arrives, and still others, until quite a group surrounds the old fellow.

"Say, uncle, give us a song!" shouts some one. "Give us 'Down went McGinty.'"

"I—don't—know—that—tune."

"Well, 'Climb Up Ye Little Children.'"

"Eh?"

"'Climb Up Ye Little Children.'"

Uncle looks passively at the crowd, but does not reply.

"'Home, Sweet Home!' 'Home, Sweet Home!'" suggest several.

With a low, far-away voice the old man begins to sing. Presently his voice grows louder and louder, until passers-by stop to listen. On, on, he sings, entirely oblivious of the curious audience around him. At last, when the song is finished, the crowd separates.

Once more alone, and unmindful of the sharp wind, the old man looks up and down the street, and calmly awaits the arrival of another purchaser.

HERMAN BABSON, '93.

POIROT.

Poirot, the lame beggar, crouched on the cold, hard stones. Up and down the broad steps hurried the crowd. There were ladies and gentlemen, tradesmen and laborers, but no one turned. It was snowing fast. Flakes from every side raced toward the old man, who was hidden beneath his mantle; but for Poirot the flakes that rushed so madly and settled so lightly made heavenly music. As the crystal stars touched his tattered garments they brought forth a more delicious harmony than could the summer rain, had it in Tempe swept Apollo's harp. Dim grew the city; but it was the sweet haze through which he saw his native France. Oh, the mountains! and the clouds! and the sky! and the blue stream beneath the vineyards!

Now beautiful creatures were bearing him far above the city, where the thousands still suffered—on, on, through mile upon mile of the liquid ether. Slowly the glimmering earth grew fainter; it shone like a star in the eye of night. Poirot wondered at the admiration and love of those who carried him, until they crossed a stream more transparent than the clearest mirror, and there he saw that he himself was a creature more beautiful than any of those who bore him. Beyond was a cloud whiter than light, but when Poirot had crossed the river, thought could go no farther; and Poirot went on; and the melody died away.

In the morning they shook off the snow and said: "Poor Poirot! If he suffered so in his death, let us at least give him a decent burial."

ROBERT PORTER ST. JOHN, '93.

Barrett Gymnasium - 1870

East College 1871

"This frame—BODY—is a temporary trust for the uses of which we are responsible to the Maker. Oh! you who possess it in the supple vigor of lusty youth, think well what it is He has committed to your keeping. Waste not its energies; dull them not by sloth; spoil them not by pleasures! The supreme work of creation has been accomplished that you might possess a body—the sole erect—of all animal bodies the most free, and for what! for the service of the soul. Strive to realize the conditions of the possession of this wondrous structure.

Think what it may become, the Temple of the Holy Spirit! Defile it not. Seek rather to adorn it with all meet and becoming gifts, with that fair furniture, moral and intellectual, which it is your inestimable privilege to acquire through the teachings and examples and ministrations of this Seat of Sound Learning and Religious Education."

PROF. RICHARD OWEN.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SOUTH WALL OF BARRETT GYMNASIUM.

AMHERST COLLEGE IN 1860.
(From an old lithograph.)

THE COLLEGE IN 1860.

College Hill in 1860, as shown on the opposite page, had assumed very much the appearance that it has to-day. Almost the only change has been caused by the growth of the trees, which now relieve the stern outlines of the buildings. Of all the buildings that have been erected since 1860 only one could be seen from the point of view taken in the accompanying picture.

In 1835 the original President's house, now occupied by the Psi Upsilon fraternity, became unsatisfactory, and the present one was built upon land purchased in 1841. The Library, the first stone building on the campus, was erected in 1853. It included the square portion at the northeast corner and the tower. The present reading-room was used also for the stack. It had all the shelf room that would be needed, the authorities supposed, for the next fifty years. In less than half that time, however, the place was overcrowded, and it became necessary to add the present stack, which has a capacity for about one hundred thousand volumes. The Lawrence Observatory and Woods Cabinet, familiarly known from its form as "The Octagon," was erected in 1847 on the site of the first meeting house of the First Congregational Society. The geological lecture room was added in 1855. The collections in this building cover the subjects of

geology and mineralogy, those representing the geology of Massachusetts and Connecticut being especially complete and valuable.

Appleton Cabinet, the southernmost building of Chapel Row, was also built in 1855, and has since been the home of the Hitchcock Ichniological collection, the Gilbert collection of Indian relics, and the Adams Zoological collection. Williston Hall and East College were built two years later. The story of their appearance is an interesting one in the history of the college. One bitter cold night in January, 1857, Old North College burned to the ground. The students were all attending society meetings in the other dormitories. One of them had left an open fire burning in his grate, and that fire caused the mischief. The wind blew a gale from the northwest, and it was impossible to do anything to save the building. Had the wind blown more directly from the north the whole Chapel Row must have gone. The ashes had hardly ceased to smoke when Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, came generously to the rescue and offered to erect, on the same site, a building which should contain a chemical laboratory, rooms for the two literary societies, and an alumni hall, on condition that the trustees would engage to replace the burned dormitory. This proposition the trustees gladly accepted, and work on the two buildings was at once begun. The site chosen for the new dormitory was in the rear

of the campus, just west of where the church now stands, and from its location it received the name East College. The burning of Old North College thus proved to be, as President Stearns said, "one of the greatest catastrophes and one of the greatest blessings the college ever experienced." In Williston Hall the chemical laboratory occupied the ground floor, and the two literary societies the second floor, the rooms having separate entrances and no means of communication with each other. The large hall on the third floor was used for examinations and alumni gatherings, until it was needed as a gallery for the collection of casts which Professor Mather was making. It is a noteworthy fact that the student who carelessly left his open fire burning in Old North College was the man to whose enthusiasm and energy the college is indebted for its collection of very excellent casts.

The Barrett Gymnasium was built in 1860, and is said to be the first building in the country erected for gymnastic work in charge of a regularly appointed professor. It is of Pelham granite, seventy feet long and fifty wide. The main floor, formerly used for class exercises, and containing the heavy apparatus, is in the second story. The lower floor contained the professor's room, dressing rooms, bowling alley, etc. The old building is now used as a storehouse for college debris.

EDWARD CLARK HOOD, '97.

PROFESSOR CHARLIE.

Dear Old Charlie! Often have I seen him raking the leaves, a sure sign of the approach of winter. Rumor has it that a Freshman (*utpote homo viridis*) once pointed at the "Professor's" heap of burning leaves and cruelly remarked that the leaves were almost as black as his face. Whereat Charlie crushed the Freshman by retorting: "And nex' spring they'll be as green as you be." But such a legend is a departure from our purpose, which is to throw a side-light on the old fellow's history and character.

His name is Charles Thompson. At least, that is the name he has often had me write on receipts for wages, or some similar document. He once assured me that he did not ask help because he could not write, but because it was cold weather and his fingers were numb, and "when his fingers are numb he can write only coarse hand."

We were once told from the chapel rostrum that this "Professor" had not won his title "in any lines of academic distinction among us." Is that a reason why we love him so much? He wears well, at any rate, for during term time in the last three years not a day has passed in which I have failed to rejoice at the sight of his kind old face, save a week at the time of his one brief illness. And from my window in South College

PROFESSOR CHARLIE.

I have often seen an alumnus clamber up "Dyspepsia Hill" from the Central Massachusetts station, stop to gaze at the Chapel Row a moment, and then head straight for the dusty regions of sub-Chapel "to see if Professor Charlie remembered him." The old man does recall him as a rule. May he remember me at some future date, when, like Macaulay's New Zealander, I return and behold a new College Hall and the ruined columns of the Old Chapel! Old alumni sometimes ask him why he doesn't die. He always tells them, "I don't know; I expec' to go when the good Lord takes me." And thus he has lived on; Dr. W. S. Tyler is the only one now alive who was a professor here when Charlie came to Amherst.

Old Charlie has two histories. There is that delightful romance of his having been a slave, and how Captain Frazar Stearns purchased his freedom and brought him north as a body servant, later to drift into the service of the College. I hope I shall not be thought an iconoclast if I tell the true version. The Professor was born as free as any of us, in Portland, Maine. Only a few minutes ago he was sitting on a trunk in the lower hall, swinging his legs and chirruping away, telling me all about himself. He said that when he was sixteen he sailed on the ship "Warren," of the port of Warren, Maine, bound on a whaling cruise. He described pictorially the first whale, and how they finally captured it; how he

once saw a whale kill five men in the jolly-boat; how they were out four years and a half and brought back five hundred and ten barrels of oil. Again he went before the mast, this time on a bark—"Kremblin" was the name I caught, and he had "forgotten" how to spell it. On this cruise he went "down to London and then down to China;" saw Java and "lots of monkeys," Africa and "lions and elephants." Professor Charlie remarked that Africa is a "mighty pretty island, but dreffful hot," and then, moralizing, "It's a mighty fine thing fer a young fellah to travel 'round a lot." In a few minutes he wrenched me around the globe, from Santiago to Siberia, from Mocha to the Congo Free State, commenting on them as places of interest in his voyage.

On his return to Cambridgeport, President Stearns hired him as man-of-all-work, and Charlie held that position a year or two after President Stearns came to Amherst in 1854. Then he came into his present place as Professor of Dust and Ashes in the College. For a brief period he was head-janitor. He had charge of the chapel clock for many years; sometimes he tells me, without bitterness, that he thinks he could run it better than his successor runs it to-day. During the war he was full of interest for his Southern brethren, and raised the flag at the first news of every Federal victory. So he has filled an important place here, nor has he ever incurred the ill-will of any one, faculty or student.

I need not speak of his "trailing-footed" gait, his big shoes or his deliberate motions. He is too familiar to us all to need such personal description. But one thing I shall never forget: There comes a rumble in the hall, I hear him talking to himself just outside the door, and then he taps the panels with his broom-handle. The door is opened and there he stands, smiling all over, dragging a five-bushel basket, and saying "T'hee, got any waste-papah?" May he live long to ask that question of many a student whose class numbers in the nineteen hundreds! May he still be here when my class has its quinquennial and decennial —until "the good Lord takes him!"

ROBERTS WALKER, '96.

DREAMS.

Such perfumes these no city breeze
E'er found in sun-swept streets of town.
I dreamed of far blue hills, horizon-walled,
And pathless forests still and brown,
Where, mid the noontide hush,
The cat bird called
In tangled underbrush.
And when I wakened, thought came back
Through forest shades of birch and tamarack.

W. S. ROSSITER, '84.

AN UNFINISHED STORY.

Ned Osborne had been out of college four years now, and that made six years that he had been examining all the girls he met with thoughts about their fitness to be his wife. I say six years; Freshman year he had been busy studying, having an idea that he was destined to be a scholar and bring renown to the family name. So he had given little attention to the girls. The ideals of his Sophomore year had been quite the opposite of his Freshman hopes and ambitions. He was usually to be found close behind the burning end of a cigarette, and he made himself believe that he liked to hear people say he was drinking extensively and was getting to be a first-class sport, who never studied, but who managed to crib his way up to the passing mark.

The summer after Sophomore year Ned had spent at home. During those weeks he came to realize more than ever before how honorable and upright his father was, and how highly respected by all his associates. The ideas of his mother, which before had seemed narrow and prejudiced, somehow took on a new dignity and worth, and because he was still, at heart, an honest and thoughtful fellow, he was forced to admit that she was not so mistaken as he had grown to imagine her. Right here his years of early training made themselves felt, and because his Sopho-

more ideal was not good enough, he had, after a brief struggle, cast it aside.

So when he went back to college to begin his third year he was thinking very seriously of the "after college." This was quite natural, for he had just turned twenty-one. He could see plainly that he had been going the wrong way, and he was strengthened in his determination to get started again.

Ned had always been a favorite with the girls, and among them he numbered many good friends. After he began to look more earnestly at life, he measured each one in the light of the future. He had never been conscious of having any ideal for a wife, but now he found the ideal already formed. Judged by this standard all his girl friends were lacking, though one or two had come very near meeting its requirements. There was Miss Branton—he had met her in spring term of Senior year, and she possessed so many of the essential qualifications that for a time he almost believed she was the destined girl. But soon he noticed that her conduct and conversation were superficial. She was vivacious and entertaining, but he could not remember a single serious talk they had ever had together, nor a single lofty ambition which she had strengthened in him. So she would not do. Then there was Agnes Waverton—a very superior girl. But the fact that he had known her from boyhood made it impossible for him to love

her. He forgot that she was a woman; he remembered her as a girl, and as such she was deficient.

From that time on he had applied the test to every new girl he met—not that he was in a hurry to choose, but under the circumstances this examination seemed the only natural thing.

During those six years he had dreamed much of what the home should be. In all the dream-pictures, he saw, sitting just across the table from himself, or beside him at the fire, a happy, motherly woman—the real joy of the home. He could not tell the color of her eyes or hair—those were unessential—and he never wondered as to her name, but he always saw the qualities which his ideal demanded. She was cultured, of a fine, sympathetic nature, and a woman who made little commotion or trouble about her duties. As to his children, he always pictured two in his mind. The boy was the older—a big, jolly, warm-hearted fellow; at college a fair student and an excellent football player. He had about decided to name him Tom—Tom was so honest and unconventional. The daughter was two years younger—tall and beautiful, and rather moderate, with a cool business head. And he pictured them both coming home from college for a Christmas; Tom just getting over a sprained knee; the daughter talking about the latest novel and begging Papa to take her to the newest opera.


Walker Hall.
College Church
Williston Hall.

This was his condition, matrimonially speaking, when he met Margaret Stanton. At first she had seemed like the hundred other girls he knew. As he came to know her better, however, he found so many of the characteristics for which he had been looking that her acquaintance became very pleasant. She did not attain to the full measure of his standard, but he was sure that he saw no traits in her which denoted tendencies that were contrary to his ideals. The acquaintance grew to intimacy. Rumor whispered an engagement, and though this was not true, he had about decided that it ought to be. The woman whose face he had so often seen in his dreams was now a creature of flesh and blood. She seemed more beautiful than any other woman. All his dreams were now to be realized.

Margaret's mother had invited Ned to dine with them, and he had accepted with an end in view. He knew that the old people would linger for a while after dinner and then leave them to themselves, and that was to be the time.

Ned had never before so enjoyed a dinner. Her father and mother had always been cordial to him, but they seemed unusually so that evening, and her bright, beautiful face just across the table from him woke the fond dreams of his own home. His hopes were raised and his determination strengthened.

The expected transpired. After dinner her father said that a case in court on the morrow de-

manded his attention for the evening, and callers summoned her mother to another room. The talk turned to people they knew, and he said:

"I met Miss Lincoln driving this afternoon. She's a charming young woman and everybody speaks very highly of her, too."

"Well, I have my opinion of Mary Lincoln, and I can't say that I agree with everybody," she replied, and her cheeks flushed.

He was startled by this quick and spirited retort, and hoping that he had misunderstood, he asked, "What did you say?" When she repeated the words and he saw the same look in her face he was much displeased.

If college and business had taught him anything it was to be guarded in expressing his opinions about others. One of his ideals for his wife had been that she must be fair in her judgments. He could not understand why Margaret—he always thought of her as Margaret now—should speak thus of Miss Lincoln, when every one else had only good words for her. Was she so narrow that some little personal disagreement would cause her to retain ill feelings? No, he could not believe that. Then was there some real reason why she should speak as she had? Was he mistaken about Miss Lincoln? He was loath also to believe that. His mother thought Miss Lincoln almost perfect; indeed, she had more than once said to him that Mary would make a lovely wife for some man. He had never thought of her

in that light, but because he respected her so much he was pained to hear any insinuations against her.

As they talked about other things many thoughts of the incident passed quickly through his mind, and now, as he looked up, he noticed—or thought he noticed—that Margaret did not appear quite as beautiful as she had at dinner. They talked for an hour, and he concluded to put off that other business until some future time. Not that he did not love Margaret as much as ever, but somehow he did not feel in just the right humor. So when the clock struck nine he left his good-night for her mother, and the door closed, and he was walking down the avenue.

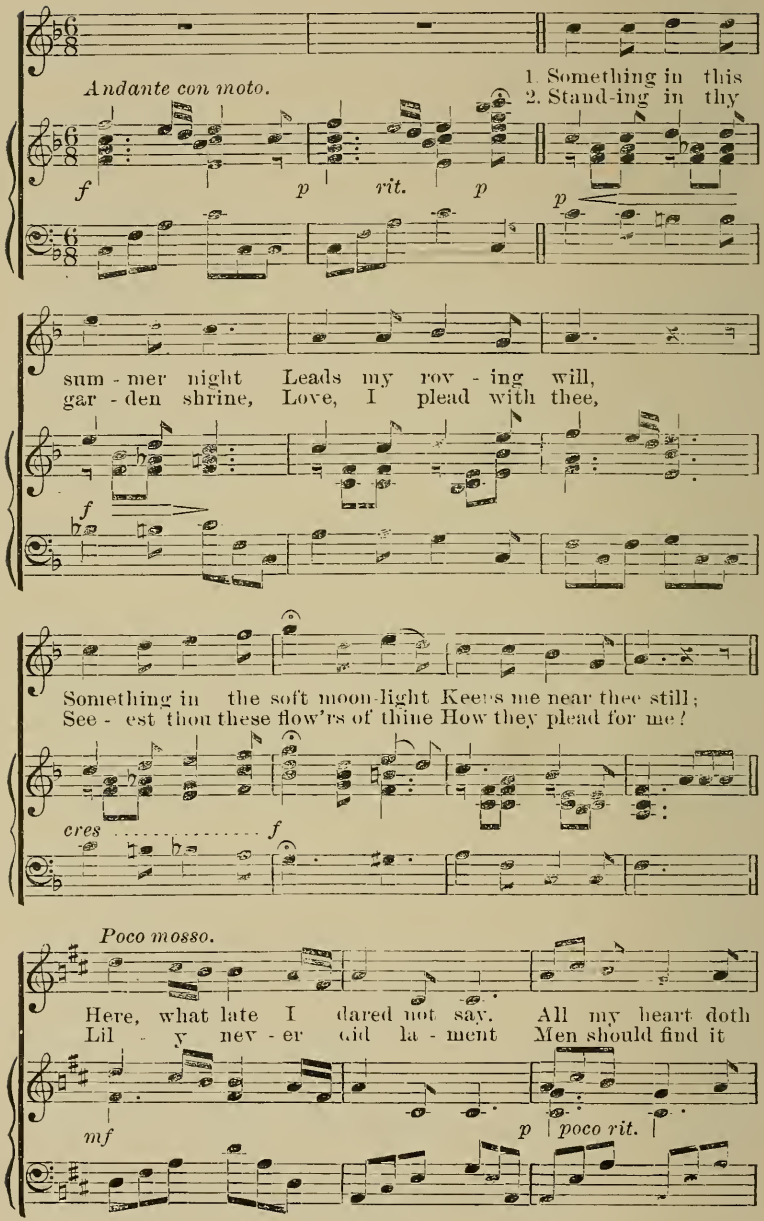
Upon reaching the corner he turned and saw the light in the window. Then, as he went on, he thought of the old dreams; he saw the home again, and by the fireside sat Margaret—was it Margaret? Somehow the face was not quite as distinct as it had been, and yet it must be she.

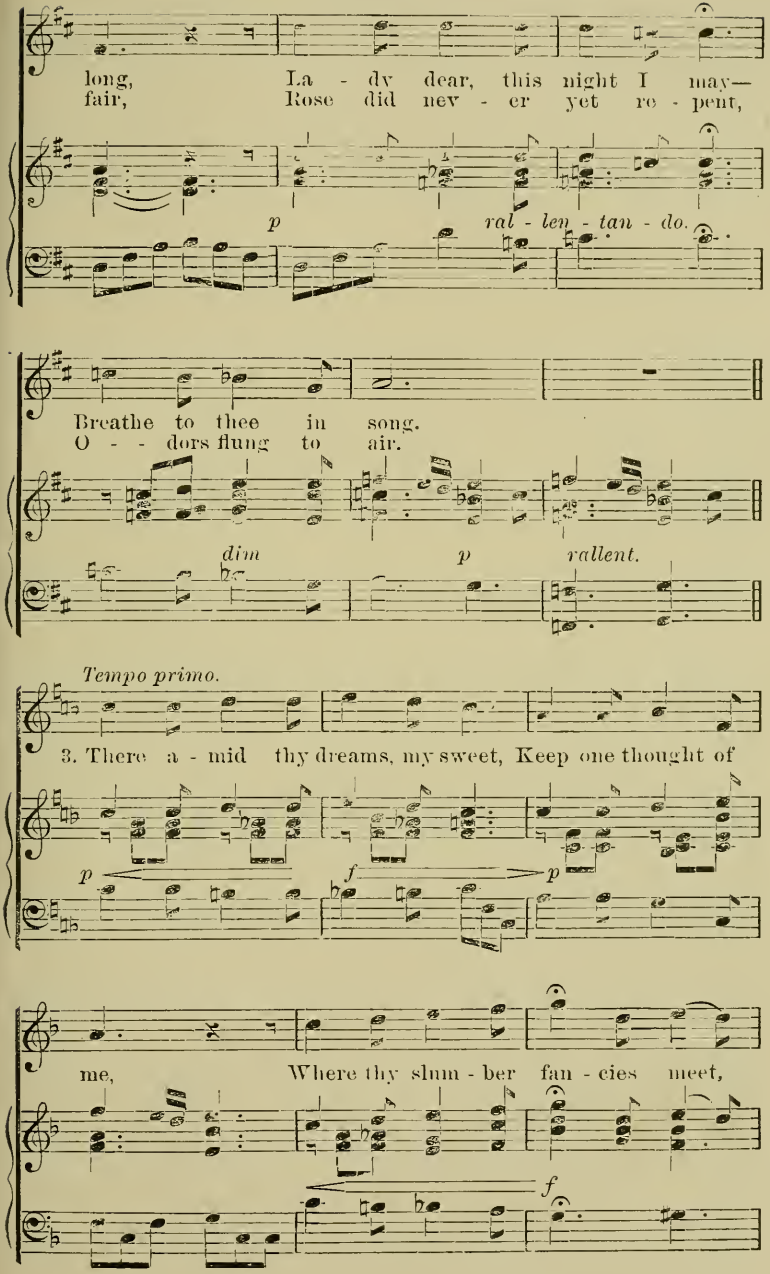
As he crossed the avenue he looked back again. He was not sure whether it was Margaret's face at the fireside, but just then he thought of her goodness and beauty. Why, of course it was she! Of course he loved her! Nevertheless the face at the fireside was not so distinct as he wished it were, though he thought it was hers; but he was not quite sure.

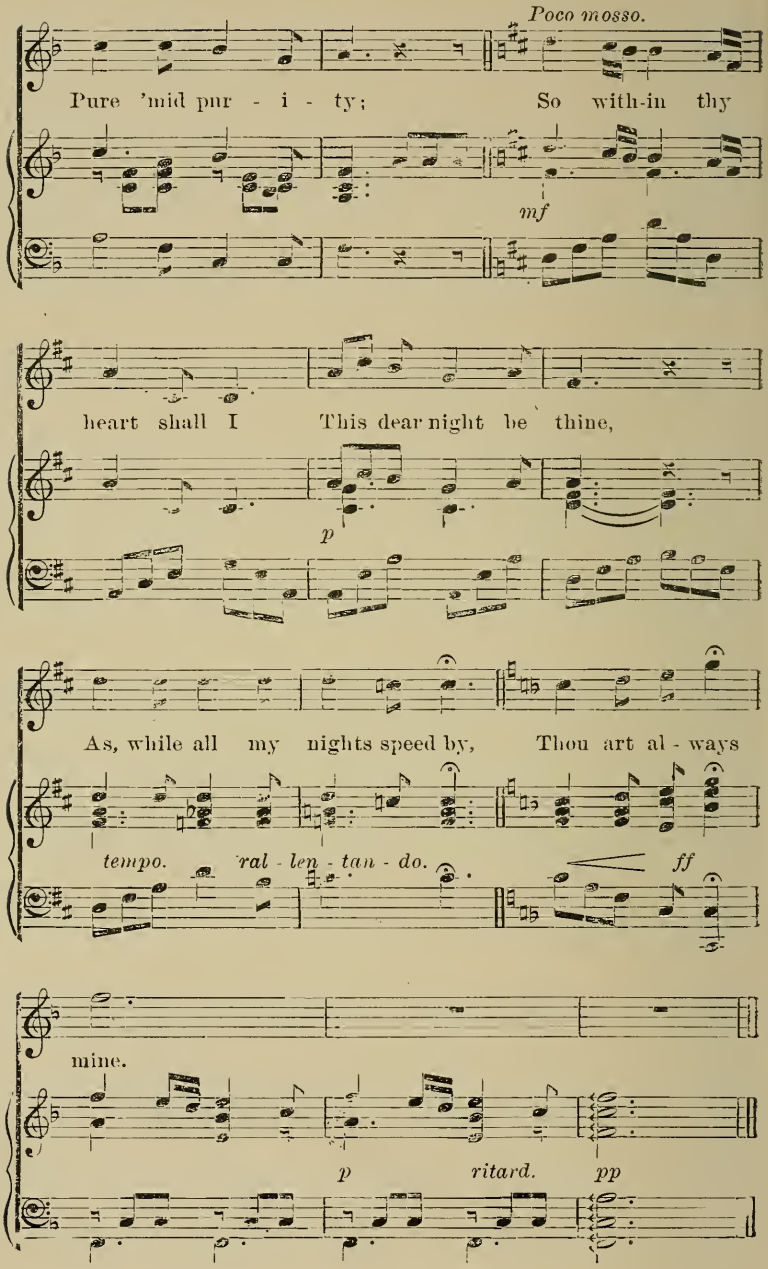
CHARLES AMOS ANDREWS, '95.

AMHERST SERENADE.

G B. Churchill, '89. Tod B. Galloway, '85.




long, La - dy dear, this night I may—
fair, Rose did nev - er yet re - pent,
p
ral - len - tan - do.
Breathe to thee in song.
O - - dors flung to air.
dim
p
rallent.
Tempo primo.
3. There a - mid thy dreams, my sweet, Keep one thought of
p
f
p
me, Where thy slum - ber fan - cies meet,
f


Poco mosso.
Pure 'mid pur - i - ty; So with-in thy
mf
heart shall I This dear night be thine,
p
As, while all my nights speed by, Thou art al - ways
tempo. ral - len - tan - do.
ff
mine.
p
ritard.
pp

SABRINA.

It is confidently believed that Sabrina has survived all the indignities of her strange and checkered career, and reached that high station to which her divine nature entitles her. We see now that her vicissitudes were due to the fact that she was not understood. She was compelled, through no fault of her own, to act out of character. Whether in shadowy legend or in more tangible bronze, it is Sabrina's evident vocation to be a guardian divinity; why else was her prototype drowned in the river Severn except to become thenceforth a nymph and a myth, and as such the protectress of all that region?

Before our Sabrina was drowned—this time, alas, for our prosaic age, not in a historic river, but in the College well—her ideas how to set up in the divinity business were very vague, and the whole spirit of our modern time was against her, though she did her best. Her first handicap was the gross unappreciativeness of men. The honored benefactor who gave her to the College, Mr. Joel Hayden, kindly but mistakenly deemed that her vocation was to occupy a pedestal on the campus, a vulgar show for all sorts of rude gazers to see. Naturally enough, the life of a goddess in such a position could not run smoothly. For

SABRINA.
(As she presided over "The Garden.")

one thing, she was dressed too cool to endure the rigors of a New England climate; that any one ought to have known. It was pathetic to see how from time to time she would cover her shivering shoulders with shawls and wraps, and how when these were not forthcoming, often her only coat would be a coat of paint. Once with a loyalty truly touching she encased her shapely but freezing limbs with striped stockings of the Amherst purple-and-white. This revealed how deeply she responded to college sentiment; and that she shared in college sorrows, too, was evident when, after some athletic defeat, she would hide her chagrin by burying herself to the neck in the ground, or plunging head first into a barrel of tar.

All this, though it revealed her sympathizing heart, was far enough from being a gracious and protecting goddess, and, indeed, for many years the nearest approach she could make to that vocation was as a kind of wet-nurse, in which character she was found one morning holding a rag baby labeled '81. This piteous display of her tenderness, however, had its reward. To the class of '82 belongs the distinction of first recognizing something of her exalted nature; and, leaving her bleak station on the campus, at their solicitation, she graced their class banquet in New London, though, it is feared, more as honorary classmate than as divinity.

In fact, she was neither nymph nor myth as

yet, and on her return from New London she suffered worse insults than ever. Then came the drowning and the long season of gloom in College well; afterward, when her destruction was decreed, a period of hiding and refuge in the merciful Professor Charlie's barn; at some time, also, it is not known exactly when, several years of burial under a townsman's doorstep, until he sent to the College treasurer, saying: "Come and get your goddess." All this, as we now see, was merely her necessary training. Like her prototype, she had to be drowned in order to enter the nymph state, and, as Lord Bacon says, "it is by indignities that men (and perhaps nymphs also) come to dignities." At any rate, having survived all these experiences, she has reached the exalted station wherein she is at once a divinity and a myth; appearing on earth at rare intervals, in such gracious guise as to rouse the most enthusiastic class spirit, then vanishing, her very existence a problem, her whereabouts, if she has any, known perhaps only to a few, or even one favored devotee.

As a myth, too, she has thus far fulfilled all the requirements nobly. Matter-of-fact people will tell you that she was discovered and apotheosized by '88, by them handed down to '90, from whom she was stolen by '91. They will even tell the story how a drayman, leaving her only a minute carelessly while he went into the house to get his overcoat, found, to his dismay, on returning.

that the occupants of a buggy whisking by had abstracted her in a twinkling from his wagon and were off to the woods. That night the banqueters of '90 had to dispense with her benign presence. From '91 she was duly inherited by '93, only to be stolen again by watchful members of '94. Ever since then, in fact, she has been "stolen property," subject every year to legal demands and prying detectives, and writs of replevin have followed her to this day. This is the way her history looks to prosaic eyes; but when it is said that a goddess and a full-fledged myth submits to so ignoble a fate as to be stolen we ought by this time to know how to interpret it.

The subsequent history of Sabrina is just that baffling mixture of fancy and fact, of poetry and prose, that characterizes every myth. After a little flash of her divinity at the banquet of '94 she vanished, and rested a whole year, the prosers say, in a cold-storage warehouse in Boston. It was a year of acute rivalry between '95 and '96 as to who should ultimately possess her. When '96, who had the promise of her presence at their Freshman banquet, surmounted the strenuous efforts of '95 to prevent their going, and were started for Greenfield, their train was boarded by a number of Sophomores, who, however, were foiled when the classes changed cars and were sent off in the wrong direction. Discovering their mistake and arriving at Greenfield

too late for the banquet, these men of '95 obtained a search-warrant, climbed up by ladders to a roof, whence they could look into the banquet room, and were sure that the ice canister at the head of the table was Sabrina. They were wrong; Sabrina never was at Greenfield. It is a very comfortable thing, sometimes, to be a myth.

At the Sophomore banquet, however, which was held in Nashua, Sabrina beamed upon the class of '96 in all her glory—for forty rapturous minutes. Then she disappeared, to seek her fitting sphere; though the prosaist steps in again here with his trumpery story of a dray rumbling off to the town of Mason in the middle of a zero night, with seven hundred pounds of bronze statue, and reaching its destination at half-past six in the morning. That same unimaginative historian would doubtless tell you that she had come from Boston to Nashua packed as sleight-of-hand utensils belonging to Comical Brown. Nay, he would go still further back and tell you that, on account of the watchfulness of '95 and a reward offered by the American Express Company, her retreat in the cold-storage warehouse had some time before become very insecure, and that, evading her keen pursuers by only a few hours, she had stowed herself away among the sausages of a sausage manufactory, from which place it was that she went to Nashua. Thus it is that the aerial journeys of a goddess appear to those whose souls lack poetry. She certainly will

never be less a myth to those who accept the sausage theory.

At Mason, so the prosaic history runs, she rested three days in a grape cellar. Then one night, the proprietor of the cellar never knew how, she disappeared, and thereafter rested long and securely in an attic away off in another part of the town. It was while she was here that the proverbial "woman in the case" disturbed her security again and caused her once more to take flight. As two Amherst class presidents happened to be talking with a Smith student, at a reception in Northampton, the young lady asserted with the utmost assurance that she knew of Sabrina's whereabouts, and for a wonder named the exact place. The way she had got at it, through an intricate labyrinth of college correspondents, best girls, fond mothers, and country sewing circles, none of whom knew the real truth of the matter, betrayed powers of conjecture and inference worthy of Sherlock Holmes himself. And the information happened to be just what one of the class presidents knew and the other was eagerly in search of. So Sabrina must flee again, this time to rest well guarded, though subject still to keen detective inquiries, in a little town of Western New York. Here it was comparatively easy to evade the watchful eyes of '97, and when it came time for '98 to inherit her presence, an elderly business man, who was much accustomed to transport machinery,

could very conveniently take her to a spot whence she could be transferred to the next class supper.

Sabrina's latest appearance on earth was in January, 1896, at the Sophomore class banquet in Bennington, Vermont. She seems destined now to manifest her favor to the even-numbered classes, though no one can forecast the future. And ever since her bath in the College well inducted her, like the maid of the Severn, into nymphhood, she has, with the years, grown more mysterious, more mythical. Where is Sabrina? is still the unanswered question; a question round which cluster more rumors and rivalries, more fancies and schemes and class enthusiasms than attach to any other college topic.

CHARLES J. STAPLES, '96,
and JOHN F. GENUNG.

THE MONUMENT OF RIGHT.

Shout the joys of life, ye Moderns!
  Shout the joys of life to-day!
When the world is full of progress,
  Peaceful in the breath of May.

Shout that as mankind advances
  Out of darkness into light,
You may carve another motto
  On the monument of right!

Chiseled first by Grecian freedom,
  Then by Roman equity,
Soon it spoke in living emblems
  Dyed for conscience-liberty.

Now it towers in simple grandeur,
  Splendid with the light of age,
Mottoed by a hundred precepts,
  Thrilled with mighty justice-rage.

Still behold one markless surface,
  Near the column's haloed head;
There inscribe this sacred maxim,
  Which shall live till right is dead:

"Wealth is only accidental
  Standing not for highest worth;
Man is man if he has manhood,
  Spite of fortune, skill or birth!"

WILLIAM L. CORBIN, '96.

COLLEGE HILL IN 1875.

AMHERST IN 1875.

The accompanying cut of the college buildings reproduces a photograph taken in 1875 from the roof of the Library. The two buildings acquired since 1860 both appear—Walker Hill on the left and the College Church, showing its spire just above the end of East College.

The fund for the erection of Walker Hall was established by Dr. W. G. Walker, of Charlestown. In order to provide a suitable site for the proposed building, the Boltwood estate, a strip of land on the north side of the college grounds, was purchased. The cornerstone was laid in 1863, but not until 1870 was the building completed. The material was Monson granite, trimmed with brown sandstone, and the architecture was that known as the revised mediaeval. The building was by far the most magnificent structure the College boasted, having cost nearly as much as the aggregate of all the other buildings erected up to that time. The departments of mathematics, physics, astronomy and mineralogy found quarters there, besides the offices of the President, treasurer, registrar, and college pastor. The Shepard collection of minerals, among the most valuable in the country, occupied the entire third floor. At about the time

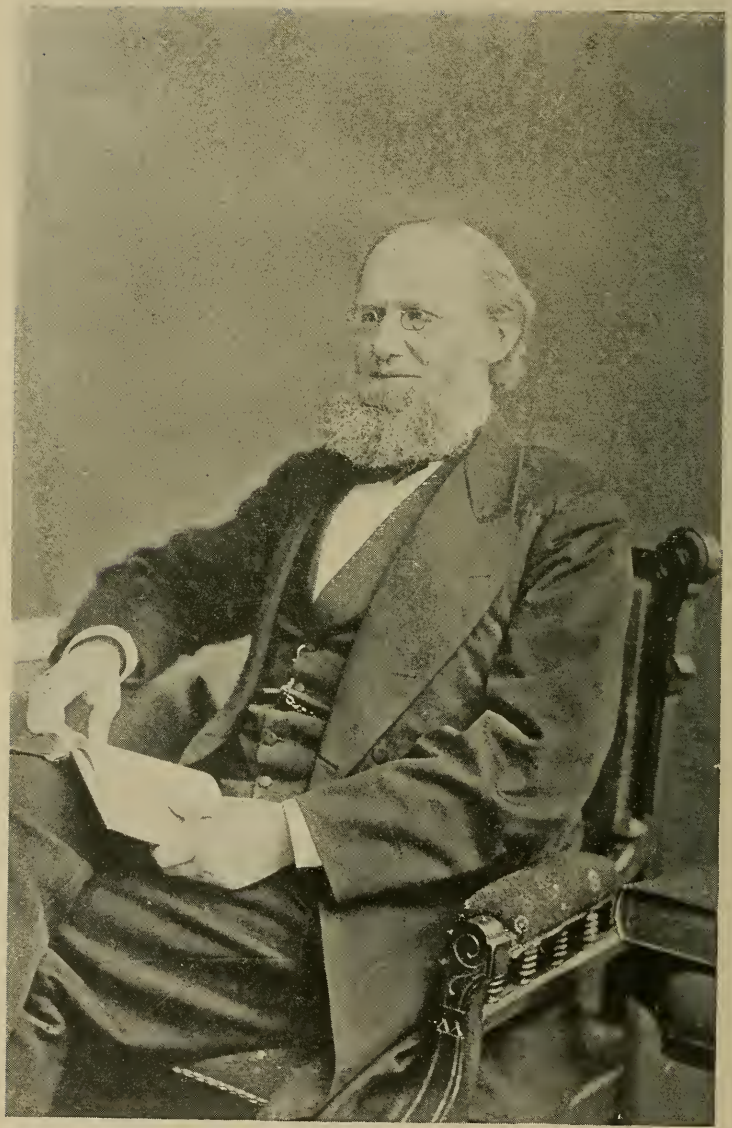
of the erection of Walker Hall a large sum, nearly equal to the original cost of the building, was spent in making needed repairs in the chapel. The only evidence of this that appears in the picture is the railing on top of the tower, which replaced the old decoration.

In 1867 the trustees purchased the abandoned meeting-house of the First Congregational Church,—the second building owned by the society,—and rebuilt it into College Hall. Tradition says the remodelling took away much of its ugliness. We wonder, but are not tempted to imagine, what it could have looked like in the original.

The College Church was completed at about the time of the semi-centennial. The edifice embodied the idea that the College might "hold the religious services of the Sabbath, as other churches do, in a retired, consecrated Sabbath home, from which all the studies and distractions of the week should be excluded, and where the suggestions of the place should assist us to gather in our thoughts, and in the enjoyment of sacred silence to confer with God." The chief donor was the late William F. Stearns, son of President Stearns. For a long time the selection of the proper site for the new building was a very perplexing question. The trustees finally accepted the unanimous advice of architects and professional landscape gardeners, and chose the spot at the eastern edge of the campus, just behind

East College. When the old dormitory was demolished later the beautiful church stood forth on its eminence, a testimonial to the wisdom of the advice given and accepted. Any one who has ever attended an open-air vesper service held on the green knoll in the rear of the church appreciates the choice of location. It is the most beautiful spot in our beautiful Amherst. Across the green valley, dotted with white farmhouses, rise the gently-rolling Pelham Hills, ever changing in color—green or golden, purple or ruddy—according to the season and the magic touch of the sun. And the quiet of the place is perfect. The note of a bird or the rustle of the leaves alone breaks the Sabbath stillness, and even the birds and breezes seem to have a tone of reverence.

EDWARD CLARK HOOD, '97.



JULIUS HAWLEY SEELYE.

JULIUS HAWLEY SEELYE.

Colleges change. College presidents change with them. The heads of our larger institutions of learning were once selected because they were scholars. They are chosen to-day because they are men of affairs, or believed to be such. They were once expected to attract students. They are now expected to attract endowments. When President Seelye resigned, in 1890, he was well nigh the only man at the head of an institution as large as Amherst College who owed his relation primarily to his eminence as a scholar and his intellectual power as an original thinker, rather than to his ability as a man of affairs. Man of affairs he was, but death found him in many senses, perhaps in all, the last of that great line of clerical educators, who, from Jonathan Edwards, in the middle of the last century, to Mark Hopkins, in the middle of this century, have molded the ideals, the intellection and the education of New England and the country.

President Seelye had all the strength and many of the limitations of the men of this mighty succession. Its share in developing the higher thought of the American people will be better appreciated a century hence than it is likely to be to-day, when new demands have made new endowments the first need of colleges and their

material prosperity the popular measure of their success. Educated in Germany while Kant and Hegel still reigned supreme, President Seelye represented in the luminous and stimulating teaching, which he gave to successive classes for thirty years, a transcendental idealism, which was the natural outcome of the adaptation of the Kantian philosophy to the needs and thought of men trained in the stricter traditions of New England theology.

But with men like President Seelye, as with his predecessors in the same field and work, his precise explanation and teaching were of far less consequence than the man and his message. The method of metaphysics will vary with every age. In the interpretation of life every teacher, and in the end every man, must choose between the assertion of the spiritual and unseen as ultimate law and guide, or the acceptance of the known, the recorded and the undemonstrated as mapping and environing all of life. It was the high and extraordinary mission of President Seelye, in a day and generation when the whirl and clatter of scientific discovery induced other currents and other tendencies, to assert with unfaltering trust and unshaken belief the conviction that the dominant impulse and development of humanity made for things spiritual, unseen and eternal.

No man can do more for his day than this. It fell to President Seelye to stand in many human relations. He was seventeen years professor

and thirteen president. He served in Congress with distinction, and showed there supreme devotion to principle as he conceived it. His published works played each its important part in its own field. In his term as president he doubled the endowment of Amherst. He originated a new method of college discipline by an appeal to honor and self-government, which has been widely imitated and has in all institutions modified old methods.

But his real work was in the class-room. There he awoke impulse and conviction that lasted through life. His pupils, scattered in life's work in cities, in country manses and offices, in solitary mission stations, think not of his honors and offices, of his books or his fame. There rises before them the gaunt figure of the man, his subtle, earnest and illumined face, and they hear once more his deep inspiring voice pleading in the Babel of the world's duties—conflicting, confusing and constraining—for the still small voice of the Spirit, for a supreme allegiance to the sense of duty which is from everlasting to everlasting, and for a serene confidence that for the righteous it shall be ever and always well, because in a righteous hand are all things ordered and uplifted.*

TALCOTT WILLIAMS, '73.

---

*Reprinted, with revision, from the *Philadelphia Press* of May 14, 1895.

PEANUT JOHN.

For the most part, peanut venders are rather a dry lot. Whatever savor they bring of clear skies, and sunny lands, and historic rivers, seems starved and mummified by the eternal consciousness of the scramble for existence. One, indeed, I knew, with his red stand on the dusty corner of a city street, who tried with cheery patience to teach my juvenile wits how to read his Italian newspaper. But such as he are rare enough; they stand on an eminence apart from all their kind, and chief among them, for all that makes simple manhood, is "Peanut John" Musante.

To see his slow, lumbering, though not exactly dignified gait, as he wanders about town, or to watch him as he sits in his "store," sleepily turning the crank of his peanut-roaster, to the droning accompaniment of an accordion, playing Italian airs, one would think him the personification of repose—the antithesis of our American spirit of hurry. But in the presence of a championship game—what a transformation! All the phlegmatic inertness vanishes. Not a Freshman watches the play more eagerly, not a man cheers louder, or throws his hat higher than Peanut John.

Fourteen years have passed since John came to

PEANUT JOHN.

Amherst, and his conquest of the student heart was long ago complete. His monopoly of the peanut business is absolute. He still occupies the little, underground basement that he rented when he came to town—now, as always, half filled with empty orange crates and big sacks of peanuts. The idea of progress, with its baleful discontent, has never troubled his tranquil existence. I fear John knows nothing at all about the grim laws of competition. Observe the extra handful of peanuts that goes into your pocket with every nickel's worth you buy. Note the orange thrown in with each purchase by a student acquaintance, and then know one reason why John's business has not outgrown its modest accommodations, but know also the reason for John's monopoly, and for his hold on the Amherst heart. There is a story that once a common "Dago" came up from New York, set up a stand and tried to undersell him, but the boys rallied around John, refused his rival admittance to the big games, and at length forced the intruder to depart, after a brief, boycotted existence.

Nothing pleases John better than to have a student drop in of an evening for a little chat. He is always full of talk about Italy. A patriotic son of Genoa, and a fellow-townsman of Columbus, he is proud of his birthplace, and ready any time to throw up his hat for the glory of the fatherland. Nevertheless, his praise is not al-

together an unmixed and indiscriminate hyperbole. He admits that Italy has one drawback.

"It's all right," he told me with great earnestness. "Goota place, goota land, goota people—all goot—but," and his voice dropped to a confidential note, "worka like a jackass!"

"They not pay 'nough," he explained. "Work all day; get twenta-five—thirta cent! You geta shoe, geta pant, geta coat, geta shirt—all gone! Nothin' to eat! Then you geta fam'ly—" but the situation was beyond the powers of John's English, and he supplied the ellipsis with a graphic wave of his hand.

When John went to be photographed, he insisted, in spite of most urgent remonstrances, on wearing a white shirt and starched collar in place of the old, familiar black sweater. With this single exception the accompanying picture of him and his basket of peanuts is thoroughly characteristic. It is no mean advantage of tarrying four years in this little bubbling backwater from the high seas of life, that sometimes we eddy into contact with souls so simple and honest and unselfish as "Peanut John" Musante—upon whom we hereby confer the degree of "Nature's Gentleman."

ARCHIBALD L. BOUTON, '96.

HER LIGHT GUITAR.

Her light guitar she softly plays,
With the sweetest witching little ways
  Of smiling at me, as I lie
  Admiring her, and vainly try
To still the heart her beauty sways.

Her graceful form the fire's red rays
Encircle with a maddening maze
  Of mellow light—the red flames dye
    Her light guitar!

I would I knew a lover's lays
To sing her now, while glad she stays
  Her song to make me soft reply;
  I rave—for riches, love and I
Uncared for are, whene'er she plays
    Her light guitar!

L. C. STONE, '96.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

Popularity with the swell set in college, like ultra-fashionable society in New York, "is a paradise, at least to the extent of having an angel with flaming sword to guard its entrance." Sometimes it is to good looks and an amiable disposition that this sword is lowered; sometimes to intellect; more often to athletic ability; occasionally, it must be admitted, it is lowered, but never obsequiously, to the shining talisman of riches.

Now, Arthur Woodbury represented these four things. He was rich, he was clever, he had a prepossessing appearance, and he could run a certain distance upon the cinder track in several seconds less time than any other man in college. In consideration of these qualifications, as he advanced in his course, he was taken up with enthusiasm by the college swells, and was at length received into that inner circle of the elect whose badge of membership makes it possible for a Senior to dress like a "poco" and behave like a Bowery "gent," if he cares, and still retain an unquestioned social pre-eminence. Woodbury, however, did neither of these things. On the contrary, his taste in clothes was so fastidious and his habitual demeanor so reserved and cor-

PRATT FIELD.

rect that his fellows came to regard him as a sort of embryo Chesterfield. His physical courage and strong mental character being undeniable, this could not be scored as a point against him. Rather, it increased the nameless fascination which he held for all of his acquaintances. He was a man with a liking for the society of ladies, and naturally enough was immensely popular with them. There was a quality in his looks, his speech and his manner which could not but impress a girl; something conspicuous and naturally eminent, which invested his most trifling word and act with the stamp of his personality. He was strong and lithe and masculine, and his fine, serious eyes had a very compelling glance. It followed inevitably that he should become a favorite in feminine circles. But he was not open to the charge of being a mere gay Lothario; his solid qualities were too prominent for that. His enemies—he had a few of them, as all men of strong characters must have—found him a hard man to pick flaws in. One or two youths, who resented his exclusiveness, were accustomed to say his chief fault was that he had none of the palpable human weaknesses which were always cropping out in his fellows. "His virtues pall upon me," one young man complained. "They irritate me. Everything he does is so altogether suitable and desirable. He is absolutely self-centered. He never could have schooled himself to be what he is without too much care. His

very simplicity is the highest art. He never refers to himself or his opinion, but in order not to he is obliged never to forget himself one single minute."

These few detracting tongues, however, wagged harmlessly enough. The object of their dislike was too firmly seated in the universal regard to be affected by them.

At the time when Woodbury became a Senior at Amity, a young man named Bagley entered the Freshman class. As it happened, the two were old acquaintances. They hailed from the same town, where Woodbury's father owned a large manufacturing business, and Bagley's father was the local physician. The families had been somewhat intimate, and it naturally happened that when the eldest scion of the one went away to college the sole member of his generation in the other took a deep interest in following the incidents in his career. From time to time news came to the village of Woodbury's success; he had made the athletic team; he was singing on the glee club; he had received a term mark of four. When at length Bagley himself went up to college, his old acquaintances had become a person of such prominence that the Freshman was conscious of a vague feeling of excitement at the prospect of meeting him once more. They had not seen each other in two years, both having been absent from town during the vacations.

Their first encounter took place about a week

after the opening of the term. Bagley realized when it was over that Woodbury was not glad to see him at Amity. Strange as it may seem, after his first pangs of wounded pride at this discovery were past, he did not harbor any lasting feeling of bitterness against the Senior. He had too low an estimate of his own qualities, and too high a one of Woodbury's to feel that intimacy could naturally exist between them except by the latter's gracious condescension. Who was *he* that the great man should make him his friend? They had known each other in former days, to be sure, but that fact, unless backed by present worth and fitness on his part, did not constitute for him a valid claim to Woodbury's regard. "If I were in his place, and he in mine," Bagley reasoned, with a humility possible only to a Freshman dazzled by the unique lustre of an upper-class hero, "I know I should feel exactly as he does."

But if the Freshman was frank enough to admit to himself that he was a person of small importance, he was by no means so weak as to be willing to remain one. Deep in his heart he harbored an ambition and a determination which thrilled his whole being with their intensity. He would yet prove himself worthy of the consideration now refused him. He would show Woodbury—yes, and the whole College!—that there were in him the possibilities of a strong man, if not of a brilliant one. To make the most of every

least quality and ability which he possessed—that was the purpose which filled him.

In the endeavor to carry out this determination he tried for the glee club, and missed it. His voice was a very ordinary one. Then he came out and played football on the second eleven. He had no possibility of development as a player, but nobody cared enough about him or his ambitions to tell him so. Day after day he turned out in his torn and bloody uniform, and was batted about and knocked down and trampled upon until his body was a pitiful mass of bruises. All this he endured with the most persistent cheerfulness and patience, in the mistaken belief that he was laying the foundation for pre-eminence in football during the later years of his course.

When the season was over he devoted himeslf to study. He purchased an alarm clock, and by its aid cheated himself every morning of several hours of necessary sleep. At night his lamp was almost invariably the last one in the dormitory to be extinguished. The results of this unnatural expenditure of energy were meagre in the extreme. He had no genius for books; there was nothing of the scholar about him. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that his failure was due in part to a poor fit, and when spring term opened he renewed the uneven struggle and the drain upon his health without the slightest abatement of courage or determination.

Beta Theta Pi.

Chi Psi

Delta Upsilon

Chi Phi.

Meanwhile, he did not cease to regard Woodbury as his pattern of perfection, his ideal of all that a college man should be. His interest in the Senior was continually making itself manifest to others. He betrayed it in the lecture room, during those recitations at which members of all the classes were present, by the cat-like persistency with which he watched Woodbury's every movement. During the track athletic season he made frequent visits to the field and saw Woodbury do his daily turn upon the cinder path, secretly taking his time, whenever possible, with a stronger solicitude for his progress and final success than the runner himself could have felt. Junior Prom. night he bought a ticket to the gymnasium gallery, inspired thereto chiefly by the knowledge that his hero was to be upon the floor. He experienced a positive thrill of delight when he heard several upper-class men near him declare that the girl whom Woodbury had brought was the "stunner" of the occasion. He could not have been more glad if he had brought her himself.

On a warm June morning, at one of the "finals," Bagley occupied a chair off the center aisle of the recitation-room. Woodbury happened to sit directly opposite. For more than an hour, while wrestling with the questions before him, the Freshman remained oblivious of all that was going on in the room. But suddenly, as he gazed meditatively at the back of the man

in front of him, he heard a sound resembling a gasp from some one on his right. He turned his head just in time to see a bit of white paper flutter softly down to the floor in the middle of the aisle. It was all written over with a fine, regular penmanship. Bagley perceived this, and at once understood the meaning of the sound he had heard. The paper was a crib, and it had escaped from Woodbury's hand.

Numberless thoughts went through the Freshman's brain in an instant of time. Then the instructor, who had not seen the paper fall, turned his head and caught sight of it. As he rose and walked slowly down the aisle the students looked up at him expectantly. Bagley alone had witnessed the accident, and the others did not know what was to follow.

The instructor stooped and raised the paper from the floor. "Whose is this?" he demanded. Bagley glanced at Woodbury. The Senior's face was white as chalk. For a moment the room was so still that the Freshman thought he could hear his heart beat. It seemed to him that he did a year's thinking in that period of awful silence.

"Whose is this, I ask?" the instructor repeated.

Then, to the intense astonishment of every man in the room, the religious Bagley leaned forward and said very slowly and distinctly: "It belongs to me. I dropped it."

Woodbury made a convulsive movement and

opened his mouth to speak, but the words died in his throat.

Then, with every eye upon him, Bagley rose and left the class-room. Immediately Woodbury pulled himself to his feet and went after him. The two met in the hall.

"What did you do that for?" asked the Senior, falteringly.

Bagley's head whirled with the tumult that was going on in his brain, and he answered steadily enough: "I did it for a good many reasons. I thought of 'em all while he stood there with the paper in his hand. Expulsion means everything to you, and it doesn't mean much of anything to me; and since I had a chance to do you a very great service at a very small cost to myself, why, I was glad to take it; that's all."

"But it wasn't called for," said Woodbury. "He didn't see the paper fall, and he couldn't have found out that it was mine."

"Yes, he could!" said the Freshman. "He knew it belonged to some of us fellows near the aisle, and your handwriting would have given you dead away. Now he won't think to examine it closely."

"Well, I shan't let this thing go on!" said the Senior. "I'm going back to tell him that the crib was mine!"

"No, you're not!" exclaimed the Freshman, laying a detaining hand on the other's arm. "Just listen to me a minute!" Bagley began to

talk very fast and very earnestly. "You're a Senior, and you've been here a long time, and everybody knows about you and what a lot of fine things you've done here. You are just at the end of your course, and if this hadn't happened you'd have gone out very soon with a great name and brilliant prospects. Your mother will be up to see you graduate in a few days; it isn't necessary for me to say how she'd feel if she should hear about this. And I heard yesterday (excuse me for speaking about what is nobody's business but your own) that you are engaged, or just on the point of becoming so, to that girl whom you had over here to the Prom. I needn't tell you how *she'd* feel about it either. Now, as for me, I haven't any of these things to think about. I'm a Freshman, and only a few men in this whole College know me, and they will forget they ever saw me in three months' time. So the disgrace before the College won't mean anything to me. My mother has been dead two years; it can't trouble her. I never had any brothers or sisters, as you know, and there is no girl that I care about. There's only my father to hear it, and I can explain it to him. And next year I can enter somewhere else and go on just the same as before. Now, listen to reason, and don't ruin your prospects for life for a mere quibble about a point of honor!"

Woodbury remained silent for a few moments after the other had ceased speaking. Then he

held out his hand, and began to pour forth a stream of lavish encomiums upon the Freshman's generosity.

Bagley cut him short. "That's all right," he said. "Don't give me too much credit. I would not do it if it cost me anything. We'd better get away from here now, before he comes out. He might ask me some inconvenient questions, and I'm not a very cheerful liar, to be frank."

That evening, when the 6:15 train stopped at the Amity station, a single student boarded it, and was whirled away through the twilight. And the next day the faculty heard that Freshman Bagley had run like a coward from the consequences of his dishonorable act, and they voted that his name be dropped from the rolls of the College.

It was about a week later that, by the merest accident, a Senior chanced to refer to Bagley in Woodbury's presence.

"Bagley!" said he. "He came from your town, didn't he, Arthur? An acquaintance of yours, I suppose? Pretty poor sort of a stick, wasn't he?"

"Well, he wasn't exactly a star," said Woodbury. "I didn't know him very well."

WORTHINGTON C. HOLMAN, '96.

WITHIN HER KISS.

Within her kiss was centered all delight,
  Within her arms nor hurt nor grief could mar;
  Her soul I found my own soul's home, where bar
Nor screen might hide my thoughts from her clear sight.

Across the seas I thought her love a light
  That dwelt serene above me like a star;
  I thought it led me homeward from afar;
I came, and here I found her black as night.

Only the cool-lipped blossoms kiss I now;
  I trust the loyalty of plant and stone;
To passion-heated man I will not bow.

Yet is chaste beauty wholly desert-grown?
  Can earthly clod a neighbor clod endow?
Has bloom an innocency of its own?

ROBERT P. ST. JOHN,'93.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

It is easy enough to go to Northampton nowadays; so easy, indeed, as to arouse misgivings in the hearts of people who regret the passing of the good old days. They are gone, in very truth! The "indigent, pious young men" of the early catalogues seem to have disappeared. The Antivenenean is dead, Alexandria and Athenae have yielded to the law of natural selection, and the stage line to "Hamp." has been a matter of history these ten years. If we pay these departed institutions the tribute of a passing regret, it is in a Pickwickian sense, for we surely do not wish them back again. One may yield to sentiment long enough to deplore the rude interruption of Hadley's venerable drowsiness by the shriek of the steam whistle; but, after all, we do not care very much about Hadley, peaceful and picturesque as it is. Northampton in fifteen minutes is the main consideration.

It is hardly probable that the College would have welcomed the railroad as warmly as it did had it not been for Sophia Smith, of blessed memory, and the temperance proclivities of the good citizens of Amherst. With no lack of respect for the Edwards Church, Elm street and the social and literary traditions of Northampton,

it must be said that Smith College divides with Dewey *et al.* the responsibility for the semi-weekly exodus from Amherst. A due sense of the proprieties leads us to add, with all convenient haste, that by far the larger share of the load must be assumed by the college.

It is a custom of the Eminent Person, when he visits Amherst, to congratulate us upon the fact that here in Hampshire County we have solved the problem of co-education. This is understood to be a witticism on the part of the Eminent Person. But even the benevolent facetiousness with which it is delivered fails to remove from the jest a certain clumsiness. Perhaps the individuals who are invited to the Geological Tea and the Colloquium duly appreciate it, but the truth is that the average undergraduate of Amherst knows little, and perhaps cares less, about Smith as an educational institution. He takes his own education seriously enough in the classroom, turns it into a joke the minute he is outside, and by the time he has bolted his dinner and is safely landed in the rear car of the "one-twenty," on his way to Hamp. he has forgotten all about it. The fact that Smith is an exponent of the higher education for women appeals to him chiefly as the cause of the conditions which surround the performance of ordinary social functions on the Campus. The high and serious aims of the College doubtless account for the gruesome saints which stare down at him from

the walls in the college houses. Nowhere, except in a college community, would one be likely to find a member of the so-called "weaker sex" showing such an intimate and affectionate interest in small snakes and frogs as does the biological student with whom one is wooing the malarial pleasures of "Paradise."

Between the schedule of the Massachusetts Central and the rules of the College, an evening call at Smith is likely to bear a certain distant resemblance to a quick lunch at a railroad restaurant. If you do not have to depart unceremoniously to catch the last train to Amherst, you are more than likely to be reminded, by an emphatic bell-ringing, that the "higher education" cannot get along without a ten o'clock rule. However, the inconveniences are few and the pleasures many. There are tennis tournaments. There is boating on Mill river—after a heavy rain. There are glee club concerts, and dramatics, and afternoon teas, and occasionally—for a few favored mortals, it is said—there is a basketball game. With all these it is perhaps not surprising that there is little hope for a man who once acquires the Hamp. habit, a habit harmless and pleasant enough, except when it takes the form of a mania for carrying ominously light suit-cases across the river, and bringing them back heavier by half than any respectable suit-case ought to be. Of course, the habit highly developed interferes with the close pursuit

of the chief end of man—P B K, first drawing. One cannot learn to make trains in spite of the Chapel clock, and also be a rank-stacker. Moreover, the inveterate society man does not escape frequent trips to Northampton behind hired horses. Such trips are pleasant in the spring and early fall, endurable in the late fall and a part of the winter, and unspeakable the rest of the time. Also your livery bill is a grievous pest to the pocketbook.

We should fare but poorly without Northampton. There can the Freshman disport himself in the vain delusion that people do not know his humble state. There can the Junior display his latest from Staab's. There also can the thirsty soul quench his thirst. There professors cease from troubling, and their victims are at rest. May an overruling Providence strengthen the railroad bridge and hasten the hum of the trolley.

FRANK EDGERTON HARKNESS, '96.

MY LADY.

I moved unheeding through the festal hall,
Where men and maidens, circling in the dance,
Would now retire, now two by two advance,
Responsive to soft music's rise and fall.
What though the lights gleamed bright above them all?
What though their jewels flashed with every glance?
Without my lady's gracious countenance
All was a gloom, where I was held in thrall.
When, lo! she came, and as she moved along
The splendor of her presence filled the place,
And sent a silence through the careless throng;
And from my heart the magic of her grace
And spirit-beauty glowing in her face
Banished the night, and made me calm and strong.

GEORGE BREED ZUG, '93.

JEAN BÊNOIT.

Many years ago, when a terrible pestilence was spreading throughout the center of France, there came to the town of Beauchamp a great and good man. Some of the townsfolk said he was a priest in disguise, who had come from Paris; others that he was a monk—one of the brothers from the time-scarred monastery on the hill. At any rate, whether priest or monk, his arrival seemed to be the work of God; for no sooner did he take up his abode among the stricken people than he began to do what he could to lessen their sufferings. Wherever the deadly disease had found its way, there, like some ministering angel, he went, giving medicine and food to those that were poor or starving. Encouraged by his untiring zeal and noble self-sacrifice the people forgot their terror, and fought the dreaded plague until at last it was overcome. And when the men arose from their beds and again went into the fields, with hardly a word to any one this much-beloved man silently disappeared, leaving behind only his name—Jean Bênoit.

For thirty years the name of Jean Bênoit was upon everybody's lips. People spoke of him as the Savior of their town. At religious services


Phi Delta Theta
Phi Kappa Psi
Phi Gamma Delta
Theta Delta Chi.

prayers were offered in remembrance of the work he had accomplished. And when, at last, the Abbé François said, while dying, that he hoped a statue would soon be raised in honor of Jean Bênoit, and that he had left some money for that purpose, to which additions ought to be made, the people heartily seconded his wish and generously increased the Abbé's sum to large proportions.

One morning, Philippe, the new curé, knocked at the door of Jules Ninon, the sculptor.

"Jules," said the curé, as he seated himself at the window, "you remember Jean Bênoit?"

"Monsieur le Curé!" exclaimed Jules in surprise, "did not Jean Bênoit save my life when I was young?"

"You recall his face, his figure, his dress?" inquired Philippe.

"Perfectly, Monsieur le Curé," answered the sculptor.

"Could you carve him in marble, Jules?"

"Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé. I can see him now—a young man, tall and fair, his long, black coat falling almost to his feet, his kind, handsome eyes, his—"

"Jules you may begin work at once," interrupted the abbé. "How long will it take?"

"I shall want a long time, Monsieur l'Abbé. It must be my best work."

"Very well, Jules. But let thy love for the man quicken thy hands."

The sculptor worked hard and earnestly. Day by day, under his skillful touch, the marble block changed its rough outlines to those of the benefactor of thirty years before. To Jules Ninon it seemed as though the hours came and went with lightning rapidity. But one purpose was ever before him; to finish the statue, to show his townspeople that he could cause Jean Bênoit again to be with them. As the click of his chisel sounded in his locked studio he thought how proud he would be to have his name forever associated with that of the great man. Perhaps, in some little way, he, too, would be remembered by the men and women of Beauchamp. For would he not have given them the imperishable form of him whose name was ever in their minds?

At last, on an evening in July, Jules laid down his chisel. "It is finished!" said he, and he stepped back to look at his work. Yes! he had done well. It was Jean Bênoit even as he had lived among the sufferers so many years ago. As the red rays of the setting sun stole through the studio window and lighted up the calm, saintly face of the statue, it seemed to Jules Ninon, as he gazed enraptured at the idol of his heart, that this marble form was about to take life and walk once more among the people of the town.

That same night Jules called at the house of l'Abbê Philippe.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said he, "I have finished the statue."

"Good!" answered the priest. "We can now have it removed to the Square and placed upon the pedestal, for that, too, is done."

"And when will it be unveiled, Monsieur le Curé?"

"On the morning of the twenty-third at sunrise. It was then, you remember, that Jean Bênoit first came among us."

One evening just at dusk a man was walking along the dusty highway that leads southward and passes through the town of Beauchamp. The man was old and worn with constant travel. He wore a weather-stained cloak and hat, his feet were covered with a pair of peasant's shoes, and in his hand he carried a stout stick. The general impression that he gave, however, was not one of poverty; for his raiment, despite its soiled and dusty condition, was not old. He plodded on laboriously, stopping now and then to rest or to look backward over the road he had just travelled. At last he reached the northern gate of the town. Scarcely noticed by the old porter who stood ready to close the barrier for the night, he entered the paved street and slowly made his way toward the inn, situated about three hundred yards inside the town wall. As he reached this yard, wherein several horses were standing, he saw, by means of the great lamp that shone over the door, a girl drawing water from a well. He approached.

"Will you give me a drink, Mademoiselle?"

The girl filled the cup and extended it to the traveller. "You have come a long way, Monsieur," said she, "and you are tired. We are full to-night, but perhaps there is room for you—I will see."

"Thank you, Mademoiselle," replied the man, "but I cannot stop."

"Monsieur cannot go on to-night—the gates will soon be closed."

"Yes, yes, I know—I have friends."

"Where is Monsieur from?"

"From—but I keep you, Mademoiselle."

The stranger slipped a coin into the damsel's hand and slowly left the yard.

When the old man reached the Town Square he stopped. It was now so dark that the few people who were still on the streets could not see him as he leaned close to the walls of a building. He was very weak. The long march that he had taken had told upon him, and now he would fain lie down to sleep. For some time he stood watching the lights as they shone from the windows looking out upon the Square. Suddenly the sharp sound of hoofs and the distant clank of steel broke upon his ears; the bell at the town gate began to ring; and as the old man tottered into the middle of the street, knowing too well what was the cause of this commotion, he saw a crowd, led by men with torches, bearing down upon him. At their head were eight or ten

horsemen, their steel armor reflecting the yellow glare. And although still several hundred feet away from the approaching rabble, the old man plainly heard the cries of those who were directing the soldiers.

"God help me; I am lost!" he exclaimed. Instinctively he turned to the right. At his side stood a tall, dark object. With feeble steps he went toward it. It was something covered with a heavy black cloth. He drew aside the folds. Even in that darkness the steps of a stone pedestal caught his eye. "A statue to be unveiled," he thought. Quickly hiding within the folds of the black covering, he tried to ascend the steps. He fell; but no cry, no sound went forth into the night. Nearer came the soldiers and the excited rabble. The torches cast their light upon the statue of Jean Bênoit wrapped in its sombre drapery. For a moment the crowd paused; and then, with another cry, above which was heard the order of the captain, "On, men, on! He cannot escape us—it is the king's will!" they once more took up the pursuit and were soon lost to hearing in the dark streets beyond.

On the morning of the twenty-third, long before sunrise, the streets of Beauchamp were crowded with people. The unsuccessful search made by the king's soldiers had kept many from their slumbers. During the entire night the captain of the horsemen, thrusting the royal seal and

signature into the face of those who objected, had pried into those houses and yards wherein he thought the object of his search might be concealed.

Among others, Jules Ninon had been rudely summoned from his bed and ordered in the name of the king to open his rooms for inspection. When the men finally left his house, satisfied that no one was hiding there, it was four o'clock in the morning. Already the eastern sky was tinged with the glow of the coming dawn, and instead of returning to his couch the sculptor went to call the curé. He found him already dressed.

"Did they find the man, Jules?" asked the curé, as they made their way toward the Town Square.

"No, Monsieur le Curé; and they have been searching all night. They were rude enough to think that *I* would harbor a state prisoner, for they have but just now left my house."

"Who is he, Jules—what is the man's name?"

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur l'Abbé, I do not know; I was so afraid the soldiers would harm my studio I forgot to ask questions."

"Is it known why the king wants this man?"

"A court secret, Monsieur l'Abbé—so the captain said."

"He will be free in half an hour, Jules. The gates will be open."

Hitchcock Hall.

The Octagon

Laboratories

Appleton Cabinet

"No, Monsieur le Curé. They have doubled the guards, and all who go out are questioned."

When the priest and the sculptor reached the Square, they found a large crowd waiting for them. Passing among the people, who bowed reverently as they went by, they entered the little enclosure at the foot of the statue. At that moment, with a loud clattering of hoofs and rattle of swords, the horseman entered the Square and drew rein at one side of the assembled throng.

L'Abbé Philippe mounted a wooden stand and cast his eyes over the faces before him. Every moment the number was growing larger. Old and young were flocking hither to see the memorial of their blessed benefactor unveiled to the morning sun. Already it had risen above the eastern hills and was painting the chimneys and roofs with golden light.

The curé extended his hands toward the people and they knelt upon the stone pavement. The soldiers alone remained upright, sitting motionless upon their horses. Raising his eyes to heaven, the priest offered a short prayer for the memory of the good and saintly man who had come among them so long ago. When he had ended the people rose silently to their feet and pressed closer to catch every word.

"We have gathered," said the abbé, "to honor him whose name shall never be forgotten. Thirty years ago, a terrible disease spread

among our homes. While we were suffering, God sent us a great man, who, as His minister, saved us from death. This morning—the same as that upon which he came—you may again behold his face; you may again see him as he walked among us in that dreadful season. Whene'er you shall look upon this statue raised by your generous hands, remember him in your prayers, and pray that his soul rests in peace."

As the Abbé Philippe ceased speaking, he turned to Jules Ninon, who was at the foot of the pedestal, and raised his hand. The sculptor stepped back and pulled a cord. Instantly the black covering fell, and the marble figure of Jean Bênoit stood bathed in glorious sunshine.

A mighty shout arose from all the spectators. Hardly, however, had the walls of the surrounding houses sent back the echo, when absolute silence fell upon the people; for there, at the top of the pedestal and extended under the feet of the statue, lay the lifeless form of a man. The sculptor sprang up the stone steps and bent over the body. At the same instant the captain of the horsemen, followed by his men, pushed into the crowd.

"Make room there, make room!" shouted the officer. "In the king's name! It is he—the prisoner! Forward, men!"

But ere the soldiers could force a passage, Jules Ninon rose from the dead man beneath

him and cried in a voice that penetrated every ear:

"It is Jean Bênoit! Jean Bênoit!! Defend him, my townsmen!"

The effect was wonderful. A thousand throats took up the cry, and like a mighty wave the mass surged toward the base of the statue. The soldiers, unable to charge forward, so closely were the men and women pressed against the horses' sides, attempted to draw their swords; but the captain, seeing that resistance in the face of such enthusiasm would be folly, commanded the men to use no violence. When the wondering, excited crowd could get no closer, and since they saw that the soldiers did not intend to use their weapons, they fixed their eyes upon the pair at the top of the pedestal. Slowly the shouts died away, and the square was again silent.

Once more the curé stretched forth his hands. There was a heavenly light in his eyes, and his words were few:

"My children, it is indeed Jean Bênoit. God has sent him back to us that he may rest in peace. Take him. Bear him to the church, and lay him beneath our hallowed altar. He is with us forever."*

HERMAN BABSON, '93.

* From *The Independent*, April, 1896.

COLLEGE HILL TO-DAY.

THE AMHERST OF TO-DAY.

The changes in the college buildings since 1875 are not such as to appear conspicuously in the view on the opposite page; but there have been, nevertheless, important additions to and improvements in the college equipment. In the first place East College, which had become very dilapidated and went begging for tenants, was torn down, and its site graded and turfed. The college grounds were cleared up, the lawns improved, and walks of "concrete" laid in all directions.

Since 1875 has occurred a loss by fire, of such magnitude that the burning of Old North College is a trifle in comparison. On the night of March 29, 1882, Walker Hall was burned. Only the outside walls remained standing, and all the valuable contents were destroyed. "The mathematical diagrams of Professor Esty, the astronomical calculations of Professor Todd—the work of years, the official and private papers of President Seelye, the apparatus of Professor Snell—much of it the invention of his own brain and the work of his own hand—all went up in flame and smoke." Most keenly felt of all was the loss of the entire mineralogical collection of Professor Shepard, the mere money value of

which had been placed as high as one hundred thousand dollars. The calamity was a shock to all the college authorities, especially to President Seelye. But almost immediately he secured from the late Henry T. Morgan, of Albany, a gift which, together with the insurance, made it possible to rebuild at once. The walls were strengthened, and the two lower stories were rebuilt upon nearly the old lines. The third story, formerly occupied by the mineralogical collections, was reconstructed on an entirely new and better plan, and used for recitation rooms.

While the new Walker Hall was being built the library was enlarged to its present dimensions. The difficult problem of making an addition larger than the original building, and of securing at the same time a harmonious and symmetrical whole from an architectural point of view, was deftly solved by Francis R. Allen, class of '65. This work was not complete before Charles M. Pratt, '79, came forward with a handsome gift for a new gymnasium, which was thrown open to the College in 1884. Amherst has always been noted for her system of physical culture, and Pratt Gymnasium is the worthy home of the department, having a complete equipment of apparatus and perfect appointments to the smallest detail. Its spacious main hall is also the scene of the annual alumni dinner and the two promenades of the year.

In 1891, a Biological Laboratory, with lecture

and reading rooms, was added to Appleton Cabinet, and well equipped with microscopes and other apparatus. The new Chemical and Physical Laboratories—built under one roof, but entirely separate from each other—were ready for use in 1894. President Seelye had for some years planned for the erection of a new chemical laboratory, but it was not made possible until part of the Fayerweather bequest came to the College. The double laboratory is an imposing structure, of stern and simple, yet tasteful exterior. No expense was spared, however, in the effort to make the interior perfect and the equipment complete for the use of both departments. The Chemical Laboratory is the realization of plans which Professor Harris perfected after years of experience and visits to the best laboratories of Germany. The Physics Laboratory, which occupies the southern half of the building, was constructed under the supervision of Professor Kimball, and is splendidly arranged and equipped.

Since 1892 the interiors of both North and South Colleges have been rebuilt, only the big beams that supported the floors and the lines of the old rooms being retained. Steam heat, running water, large fire-places and hardwood floors are among the innovations, which would doubtless seem luxuries to the alumni who occupied the old rooms. The old Boltwood mansion, with its imposing pillars in front, is now a College boarding-house, and has been named Hitchcock

Hall. The need of an infirmary for the proper care of sick students, so long felt at Amherst, is now to be supplied in the shape of the Pratt Health Cottage, given to the College by George D. Pratt, '93. It will be located about half a mile from the campus, on an elevated and quiet spot, and will be fully equipped with every convenience for the care of the sick.

The history of Amherst's material growth has been traced so gradually in these six sketches that the reader may not appreciate the truly wonderful changes wrought during the seventy-five years unless he turns abruptly from the accompanying view of College Hill to that dated 1821. After comparing the two, who will attempt to picture the Amherst of 1971? Perhaps, by that time, the College will boast a new College Hall, a new Observatory, a College boarding-hall and a new dormitory. We can only hope that the contrast with the present will be as pleasing as that between 1821 and 1896, which the progress of seventy-five years affords her sons to-day.

EDWARD CLARK HOOD, '97.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

In cap and gown a motley crew
Of Seniors flash upon my view,
With dignified, yet dainty tread,
Their gowns in glancing folds outspread,
And caps with careless grace askew.

Grave is their mien, and haughty, too;
Vast is their knowledge, if you knew
How unto Science and Art they're wed
In cap and gown.

What great high thought throbs through and through
Each mighty brain? Can each review
Some world-fraught scheme to thrill the dead?
Ah, no! 'Tis this that fills each head,
" Where can I get a job to do
" In cap and gown?"

GEORGE BREED ZUG, '93.

SONG OF THE SEA FLIGHT.

Sing ho! sing ho! for the sailing, O!
For the salt, salt surge and the winds that blow!
And the foam that's flung from the rail, bent low
O'er the roaring sea!
Sing ho! then, loud, for the rattling shroud,
The whistling gale, and the scudding cloud,
And the gray gull soaring on pinions proud
So far and free!

Sing ho! for the stars that bloom at night!
For the streaming wake, soft-sown with light!
And the face that shines in the moon's mist white
Near, near, and sweet;
For the tale oft-told that will ne'er grow old,
The shy sweet glance, and the hand-clasp bold,
And the mad wild music that young hearts hold
When warm lips meet!

Then ho! for the salt sea's breath divine!
It thrills the blood like the rage of wine
As, borne by long billows that shake and shine,
We lose the lea!
Unsullied the breezes sing and sweep;
Forgot are dull shoreward hours that creep;
With joy past naming our pulses leap
Far out at sea!

WORTHINGTON C. HOLMAN, '96.

THE AVENUE OF MAPLES.
(Looking towards the Chapel.)

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Oh, Dick! Are you here?"

"Yes. What do you want?" gruffly replied the handsome young giant as he steadily pulled at his chest-weights on the wall of the luxurious study in the fraternity house.

"What in the name of heaven are you doing up here such a night as this, when the most jolly reception our 'frat.' ever held is going on downstairs?" asked his chum, Frank Lincoln.

"You know I'm not a lady's man, Frank. The girls made me so nervous that I had to come up here to get quieted down a bit," (still pulling at the chest-weights). "It's worse than a football game for nerves."

"Drop those chest-weights, old man! Your nerves! Ha! ha! Anybody would think you were a tea-drinking old maid instead of center rush on a football team. Come, get into your coat! I want you to meet my cousin Dora."

"That haughty, fashionable Miss Van de Linde? I prefer to stay up here and work off my 'Psych' conditions."

"Oh, come along, you fool! There's nothing aristocratic about her except her name. She's one of the most popular girls at Smith."

"Miss Van de Linde, let me present my room-

mate, Mr. Aldrich. Miss Van de Linde has never seen our grounds, Dick."

The night was one of those in May, when Amherst is at its best. The Japanese lanterns on the veranda gave just light enough for a quiet stroll around the spacious lawn. The orchestra in the house was playing that dreamy *Barcarole* of Chopin, in which you hear the joyous tumult of the carnival fade away till you feel only the regular and gentle movement of the Venetian gondola, as it rocks on the waves of the bay. The apple and pear trees, then in full bloom, bathed the strollers with their dainty fragrance. Dick was intoxicated. Just what he said, or where they wandered Dick never knew, but he was ready to strangle Frank when he appeared beside them, saying: "The carriages are going, Dora, and your chaperon is hunting high and low for you."

"Let up throwing things all over the room! We don't have this den picked up often enough so that we can afford to have it all tumbled in a heap the first day. Pull on your chest-weights if you must do something! Dora seems to have completely hypnotized you to-night. Let's go down and finish those things left from the spread. Don't believe you took her in to supper at all."

"Never thought of it."

"Of course not, you good-natured egotist, you were in the seventh heaven when I found you,

and you hardly seem to have recovered yet from that ecstatic state."

Dick's livery bill soon grew to generous proportions. "Might as well live at Northampton all the time," said Frank to his chum one night a few weeks later, as he returned from a call at Smith.

"That wouldn't be so bad," replied Dick, in the best of humor. He never seemed bored now when the boys talked about the girls.

"Solomon in all his glory!" cried Frank one morning in June, coming into the room just as Dick was going out arrayed in his new summer suit and wearing a smile that illuminated the room.

"Where now, Dick?"

"Whately Glen."

"With Dora?"

"Yes."

"Chaperon?"

"No."

"You know that's as good as an announcement of your engagement?"

"I don't care!"

"But Dora?"

"She's willing."

Throwing his notebook at the desk, his cap in the corner, and dropping on the couch, Frank gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

"Well?"

"Her mother always expected her to marry in

their own swell set, and I don't know how she will take it."

"I admit that I am not one of the 'Four Hundred,' but father will give me a big start, and we can live in good shape. I'm no impecunious adventurer. Besides they are not rich."

"No, but they are proud, blue-blooded and aristocratic."

But all this had little terror for Dick, who, too happy to look on the dark side of anything, went off whistling and swinging his cane.

After dinner, slinging his botany can over his shoulder, Frank set out for the Hadley meadows to get specimens to finish his herbarium. Half way down the Amity street hill he met Dick. With head down, hat pulled over his eyes, and rigid face he was urging on the exhausted horse, already covered with sweat and foam.

"Hold on, you brute!" shouted Frank, as he caught the horse by the bridle. He loved horses and would never see them abused. "What do you mean by driving like a madman when the mercury is up in the 90s?"

"Let me alone!" growled Dick fiercely as he reached for the whip.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow? I never saw you act like this before."

"Nothing."

"Where's Dora?"

"'Hamp."

"Quarrel?"

"If you think I'm going to tell you, you are mistaken, Frank Lincoln. You are no Father confessor. Don't you dare mention her to me again. I'm done!"

"*Vanitas vanitatum!* What in the world made them quarrel?" mused Frank as he searched for specimens. "I'm sure she loved him. I'm afraid he will take it hard."

They were both graduated before the end of the month, he from Amherst, she from Smith. He went abroad for extended travels, while she threw herself into the gay life at Newport. Both were bitter and unforgiving; both thought that their love had been thrown away on an unworthy object.

The Carnival was at its height when Dick sat in a Venetian café reading the Paris edition of the *Herald*, while he waited for his breakfast. A familiar name in the society notes from New York caught his eye, and he read:

"Mrs. Van de Linde and her beautiful and accomplished daughter, who has been the life of the Four Hundred during the winter, have gone south for a few weeks. They will return in time for the post-Lenten gayetes.

"Just as I thought!" commented Dick, as he crushed the paper in his hands. "She never cared for me. It was a good thing she found it out that day at Whately. What right has a society girl to say that I care for nothing but self?"

he asked furiously as he seized his hat and went out without eating his breakfast.

"I met a college friend of Frank's at Rome, Dora," said one of her friends, who was just home from a mid-winter cruise through the Mediterranean. "He was just splendid to Mamma and me. He was a regular Apollo, but he didn't seem to have a bit of ambition to do anything except enjoy himself. He hadn't the least idea where he was going next or when he was coming back to America."

"What was his name?"

"Mr. Aldrich. I think he said he was Frank's chum in college. Do you know him?"

"I met him at an Amherst reception."

"What? You are not going now, Dora? I expected you to stay all the afternoon and hear about my trip."

"I'm not feeling well this afternoon. I'll hear all about your foreign noblemen *et cetera* later. Good-bye."

"Just as I thought—rich, handsome and selfish," said Dora to herself, as she rode to the hotel.

"Why, Dora! What are you crying about?" said Mrs. Van de Linde, coming into their apartments late in the afternoon and seeing her daughter with swollen eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

"Don't talk to me now, Mamma. I'm not going to the german at the Casino to-night."

OLD BRIDGE AT "THE ORIENT."

"Shi—ne! Shi—ne!" cried the dirty little bootblack, as he pushed his way through the crowd of men and women who were standing at the stern of the ferry-boat "Princeton," watching the efforts of the "Puritan" to push her way through the floating ice that filled the harbor one afternoon in early March some two years later. "Shine, sir?" eyeing the ugly splashes of New York mud on a gentleman's shoes. The man nodded assent.

"Yes, I like it well enough," replied the boy to some kindly questions. "But I want to get into some regular business. All dead except my mother. Yes, I'm an Italian."

The boy took the bright, new quarter which the gentleman gave him and put it between his teeth, while he fumbled for the change.

"That's all right. Don't mind the change."

A frisky blast of March wind lifted a fat old German's hat and sent it rolling over the deck. The owner, unconscious of the ridiculous figure which he cut, with red face, flying hair and outstretched hands, pursued. "*Donner und Blitzen!*" he grunted as his hat continued to elude him. "Go it, Dutchey! Go in! Go in!" shouted the deck-hands. At last the little bootblack caught the hat, but the German, unable to stop, sent the boy sprawling on the deck, and the coin slipped from his mouth and went rolling swiftly across the floor. In an instant the boy was after it. It passed under the gate, but the swell of a passing

steamer made the ferry-boat roll, and the coin dropped easily on its side.

"Come back! Stop!" cried many voices as the boy crawled under the gate to regain his money. Another fierce blast of wind swept around the boat and made the men cling to their hats. The boy clutched wildly at the gate, but it was too late, for the wind caught him and hurled him into the swirling, foamy waves behind. Men shouted, cursed and ran for life-preservers and ropes; women screamed and wrung their hands. The only man who kept his head was the one who had given the lad the money. He threw off his coat, opened the gate and leaped far out toward the little figure sinking in the icy water.

"Come inside the cabin, Dora! This is terrible! You are trembling like a leaf. What made that foolish man throw away his life for that worthless little bootblack?"

Dora Van de Linde did not reply. Her eyes were fixed on her long lost lover, now battling against those deadly waves to save a poor little street Arab. Selfish? Never! In that moment she knew that in her pride she had misjudged the man whom she truly loved. With clenched hands and blanched face she watched the life and death struggle. "He's reached him!" shouted the crowd; but the shout was quickly followed by a groan, "They are gone!" A great cake of floating ice had struck the two and driven

them beneath those black, cruel waves. No, they were up again! The ferry-boat had stopped and was moving cautiously toward them. Nearer and nearer it came, till a noosed line was thrown to them, and the chilled, exhausted and bleeding rescued and rescuer were drawn on board.

A few minutes later the hero opened his eyes in the ladies' cabin, and looked up wonderingly into the face of the beautiful woman, who, unmindful of his dripping garments and the curious crowd of spectators, knelt beside him wildly chaffing his benumbed hands, while the tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Dick! Oh, Dick! Forgive me! I was all wrong," she sobbed.

"Dora, my darling!" was all he said, but it was enough to make her happy.

ERNEST MERRILL BARTLETT, '94.

AMHERST GOOD-BYE SONG.

Air: "Es ritten drei Reiter."

I.

We come, college scenes, with that sacred last word,
Good-bye;
That sound sad and tender wherever 'tis heard—
Good-bye;
Our hearts' allegiance around you is twined
For here are memories golden enshrined;
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
The hour of parting is nigh.

II.

Fair campus and grove, with your background of hills,
Good-bye;
Old buildings, the scene of our joys and our ills,
Good-bye;
Full many a spot more imposing is found,
But none to which such affections are bound;
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
The hour of parting is nigh.

III.

And you who have borne with our follies and pranks,
Good-bye;
We bring you, dear teachers, our love and our thanks,
Good-bye;
Our lives will show what we've missed or have won,
But honor to you for the work you have done;
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
The hour of parting is nigh.

IV.

The world now invites us; from college we're free,
Good-bye;
And no one can tell what the future will be—
Good-bye;
But where'er we are, or whatever we do,
Enough if to Amherst ideals we are true;
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye,
On thee be the blessing Most High!

JOHN F. GENUNG.